The New
REPUBLIC

December 15, 1941

OUR WAR

The turn of events proves that the Axis powers regard the United States as their major enemy, and intend to waste no time in reducing our power... The action of Japan is part of a strategic unit in which the war in Europe plays an important role... What is necessary is unified strategy, and a plan for victory, rather than a series of separate wars of defense.

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THEY ARE NOT ALONE

Only minutes remain.

Last week Miss Dorothy Thompson, Dr. William Allan Neilson and I, acting on confidential and trustworthy information, telegraphed a desperate appeal to several hundred of the leading supporters of this work. We asked for life for 150 leading European anti-Nazis trapped in Marseilles.

Almost overnight $20,000 was subscribed. It came from every section of the United States, from Mexico, Canada and the Canal Zone. Those gifts meant life to sixty of those men. Those who remain can still be brought to safety even in these last minutes. A gift of $350 will save one man.

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I quote from our telegram:

"We ask your help in this fateful moment as sign that those who stand against Hitler are not alone."

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Frank Kingdon, Chairman
Emergency Rescue Committee
122 East 42nd Street, New York, N. Y.

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☐ I enclose $..... to help in these last minutes.

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THE NEW REPUBLIC

A Journal of Opinion

VOL. 105, NO. 24 NEW YORK, MONDAY, DECEMBER 15, 1941 NUMBER 1411

Our War

LAST WEEK most Americans were saying that this was our war; what they meant was that democracy was defending itself in other parts of the world, and that we ought, in the interest of our ideals and our eventual welfare, to aid the active defenders. This week Americans have been startled into the realization that this is our war in a more vivid sense; we are actively defending ourselves, and need all possible help from our allies.

The turn of events proves that the Axis powers regard the United States as their major enemy, and intend to waste no time in reducing our power of injuring them. It would have been, as many of us said, suicidal madness for the Japanese to enter the lists against the combined power in the Pacific of the United States, the British Empire, China, the Netherlands Indies and possibly the Soviet Union. It is not necessarily suicidal madness for the whole Axis, including Japan, to try to sweep our naval and air power from the seas, first harassing, diminishing and dispersing it, and then destroying it in detail. For if this can be accomplished before we are able to augment our forces or even replenish losses, the aid to Britain, Russia and our Pacific allies will be interrupted, and the Axis can proceed with its conquest of the world without worrying about us until we are isolated and alone.

Already there is doubt about the superiority of the forces opposed to the Japanese in the Pacific area, and about our ability to make sure of the arrival of reinforcements and supplies to China, Singapore, Batavia and the Philippines. If we are to maintain control in that area we may have to remove sufficient forces from the Atlantic to offer Hitler's submarines and planes a final chance to cut off the British Isles and conquer them, to say nothing of raids on our Eastern coast. And what of his not far distant control of French North Africa and Dakar, and the imminent possibility that he may be able to command the French fleet?

We may be sure that the action of Japan was part of a strategic unit in which the war in Europe plays an important role, and that further swift developments are calculated to confuse us and eliminate us temporarily from distant battlefields. As long as the anti-Japanese embargo is maintained, Japan can have no hope of escaping defeat in a long war. Both the situation and her audacious action indicate that she is counting on a short one, or at least on a short victorious campaign which will stem our resistance until it is too late. Such a calculation can hardly have been made without reliance on the action of the other members of the Axis.

Two lessons are inherent in these events; if we can learn them quickly enough we may thwart the Axis plan. The first is the importance of taking the initiative. Our indignation at the treacherous action of the Japanese in preparing and executing a blitz attack while they were negotiating about peace is natural, but it does no credit to our intelligence. This is what the Axis powers have done from the beginning. Anyone with an IQ of ten years should have expected and been

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ready for it; anyone with an IQ of fourteen might himself have attacked before the enemy could do so. The traditionally minded diplomatic appeasers and the brass-hatted numbskulls should be promptly removed to a hospital for the mentally deficient, and the conduct of affairs placed in the hands of those who can hold more than one idea in their minds at a time. Fortunately for diminishing the power of harm in the hands of our Department of State, there will be nobody else to appease after Pétain joins the Axis. But we must have men in charge of our economic and military strategy who understand the importance of hitting hard and hitting first, at a time and place which the enemy does not expect.

The other lesson is the unity of the war. It is being widely said now that we must not forget that our real enemy is not Japan but Hitler. That is not true. Our real enemy is the coalition arrayed against us. Whether we concentrate first on defeating Japan or on defeating Hitler is purely a matter of strategy. An essential part of this lesson is that while this is our war in the sense that we are immediately under attack, it is not our exclusive war in the sense that the Russians in the Donetz Basin and the British in Libya are not fighting for us. Should the Russians now put Vladivostok at the disposal of our aircraft? They should be ready to do so, but whether they actually do is a question for the grand strategists to answer. We must from now on think, not only in terms of total war, but also in terms of a worldwide area of conflict. It might, for instance, be a wise though uncomfortable policy to leave both our coasts and the southwestern Pacific open to attack while we concentrated our navy in the Mediterranean. We do not know, but we do know that what is necessary for the opponents of the Axis is unified strategy, and a plan for victory, rather than a series of separate wars of defense.

On the Domestic Front

THE STINGING BLOW inflicted by the Japanese surprise attack has performed one great service for the democratic cause which may in the end outweigh the material losses suffered. It has ended overnight disagreements about foreign policy. No longer shall we debate whether the Axis is an enemy or whether certain steps will lead us toward war. We are at war. Everyone knows who the enemies are. The nation is more unified in support of hostilities than it has been at the beginning of any other war in its history.

America First has been liquidated by the Axis. We shall no longer need the agitation of Fight for Freedom or other organizations whose function was to plead the anti-Axis cause. All but a tiny minority have now concentrated their hopes on the navy and the army. Those who cannot themselves engage in active fighting are waiting impatiently for good news from those who can.

But the war will never be won if the nation merely congratulates itself on its unity and makes no more effort for victory than to read headlines and listen to the radio. The most important jobs for most of us lie behind the front. It remains to close our ranks and prepare to take effective action in those fields essential for victory which affect our daily lives and our immediate concerns.

Congress can no longer be allowed to dally with the crucial battle against inflation, which has been before it for months because it is afraid of pressure groups and the vengeance of taxpayers. It is up to the farmers, and the farm bloc which represents them, to accept a ceiling on the prices of agricultural products. It is up to labor, not to accept a freezing of all present wages, but to set its face against those wage increases which will necessarily increase prices (provided a decent minimum already exists). Business must accept a system of price control which will be capable of prompt and effective administration, and of enforcement.

All of us must demand far more drastic taxation than has already been enacted. The nation has now approximated a level of full production, with the available raw materials. To increase the equipment for war will mean to deny equivalent resources to the industries producing for civilian consumption. The government is going to have to spend many billions more than it is doing, and these billions will get into the pockets of consumers. But, if the war is to be won, the consumers are not going to be able to buy any more with their money than they now are doing, for the goods cannot be made. Unless we give up the extra money in savings or taxes, we shall surely have inflation and a weakening of the war potential.

Nor should Congress and the labor-haters be allowed to employ the occasion for embittering the workers of the nation by destroying their hard-won rights. The Smith bill and all such ill considered legislation cannot help us to win, but could help us to lose. Labor must be accepted as a full partner in the national enterprise. If it is accepted, it is in a mood to shoulder its responsibility. Its coöperation should be enlisted for a fair system of mediation, on the basis of principles explicitly accepted by itself and by representative employers. That is an essential part of the struggle for democracy.

An equally important task—just as important now as in peace—is the strict preservation of civil liberties. Our national unity is such that we have nothing to fear from dissenting minorities. Those who plan or execute sabotage or treason must of course be thwarted. Spies and foreign agents must be discovered and confined. But freedom of the press, of speech, of assembly and of petition, together with all other civil rights, are essential for criticism of the prosecution of the war

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and for discussion of its aims. They are the essence of what we are fighting for.

The administration itself must also redouble its efforts to make the war agencies really efficient. Are Jesse Jones and the Federal Loan Administration obstructing a necessary expansion of productive capacity? If so, he should be replaced or brought into line. Army officers in charge of procurement who have not the capacity to handle such a big job must give way to a competent agency of supply. We are now far better prepared than at the beginning of any other war in our history—but so are our enemies. We must manage, not merely to produce more and more, but to produce enough to win. That accomplishment is still far ahead of us.

Finally—though this necessity seems remote at present—we must be ready to win the peace after we have won the war. Shall we repel invasion only to succumb to depression and misery in our internal economy? Shall we fail as badly as before to organize the world for peace? We are late in preparing to meet the assault on democracy. We do not dare be equally late in knowledge of how to make democracy fit for survival.

Personal History

Just as we were going to press, The New Republic received from Representative Thomas Eliot of Massachusetts, who has an article elsewhere in these pages, a brief, straightforward account of the scene last Monday in the House. We offer this eye-witness report as a rendering of personal history in an hour when the personal histories of 130,000,000 Americans merged into one:

Perhaps this should be written by someone who was in the Congress in 1917. I was not; I cannot make comparisons. But in the nature of things, there is little to compare. Our territory and our people have been ruthlessly attacked; and that is all there is to it.

That is the way practically all members of Congress are feeling today, and the President's address struck that single, simple note. The President's entrance, with the floodlight on him, was greeted with whole-souled, solemn, fervent applause. The few shouts—which did not begin until after a minute or so of clapping—seemed perhaps out of place; a falsetto rebel yell issued only from the throat of a bellicose Pennsylvanian. One Democrat sat silent through it all; he was, in fact, from Missouri—and after the President had spoken, he voted "Aye."

As for the President, the toss of the head was there, but not the smile. The pictures do not show Wilson, on April 2, 1917, as having a lined and almost haggard face—that was to come later. But Wilson had not been up all night, listening to reports of American battleships sunk and American lives lost. He spoke then of making the world safe; but you knew that, today, Roosevelt was speaking of making America safe and keeping America free. Everywhere there was a quiet relief that unity had come upon us, as suddenly as the Japanese had come upon Oahu.

As President Roosevelt left the rostrum, just for a moment the head went up and the chin shot out. Some of us were more moved at this moment than at any other time, for we felt that this man had fought hard to win this struggle without war and now was starting undismayed to lead in a more desperate conflict.

There were some speeches in the House before the vote was taken and perhaps that was advisable. Speakers seemed wisely selected—the two party leaders, two women, an American of Irish descent, a New York interventionist, a Southerner, and a leading isolationist. Most of the speeches were reasonably free of the first person singular; those of Mr. McCormack and Mr. Bloom were the briefest and the best.

The roll call reflected both the quiet solemnity and the new-found unity. Few men shouted "Aye"; most of us spoke it quietly, for it was a vote which many had never expected to cast. When Miss Rankin voted "No" there was a little hissing, mostly, I think, in the galleries; it was made louder by some members earnestly saying "sh-sh." I heard no expressions of anger at Miss Rankin, and several of admiration for her courage, if not for her realism.

We knew that we had to cast that vote, and that we could not possibly guess to what green pastures or what barren ruins the path we now take would lead us. But by being true to our heritage, we may retain the best things in our past.

Words to Remember

Millions of words have been spoken on the air since the fighting began in the Pacific—many of them foolish, some calm and helpful, some stirring. Of all the words none has exceeded in quiet good sense, in deep human understanding and in democratic pride those spoken by Mrs. Roosevelt on Sunday night. Hers were words to remember, and we reprint excerpts from a broadcast that deserves the widest attention:

We know what we have to face and we know that we are ready to face it.

I should like to say just a word to the women in the country tonight. . . . You cannot escape anxiety, you cannot escape the clutch of fear at your heart, and yet I hope that certainty of what we have to meet will make you rise above these fears.

Whatever is asked of us, I am sure we can accomplish it; we are the free and unconquerable people of the U. S. A.

To the young people of the nation, I must speak a word tonight. You are going to have a great opportunity; there will be high moments in which your strength and ability will be tested. I have faith in you. I feel as though I were standing upon a rock, and that rock is my faith in my fellow citizens.

The Spirit We Need

Now that war has come we need the spirit of Churchill, who less than a month ago, and after Britain's greatest victories, said: "I have never given assurances of a speedy or cheap victory. On the contrary, I have always said that the hardest moments, the greatest disappointments and many mistakes, still lie ahead."

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If the people of Britain can suffer their homes to be destroyed, their cities to be ruined, their armies to be defeated many times and still respond with pride to these words, then so we can.

"Passed by the Censor"

Americans, with good reason, like to think of themselves as the best informed people on earth. They demand all the news and, whenever possible, they want to get it before it happens. Obviously they now face a world in which news will often be hard to get. In wartime censorship of military news is clearly necessary, and certain restraints on the press are to be expected. As a matter of fact, some voluntary restraints have been in effect for many months, and the transition from the semi-war state to the total-war state should be relatively easy for the press and its readers—provided the censors do an intelligent job.

The sole object of that job should be to prevent military secrets from falling into the hands of the enemy. Censorship for any other purpose is foreign to the democratic spirit and democratic traditions. For practical reasons, moreover, it is wise to tell the people as much as possible. Nothing is so likely to damage this nation's morale as the feeling that the government is holding back information without warrant. Americans are so constituted that they would rather have bad news than no news at all. In an atmosphere of official silence rumors will breed fast and they will feed on the kind of half-truths that the Axis may be expected to send us over the short waves. The main thing for the censors to remember is that Americans can be trusted. They are a mature people who have made good use of freedom. It is freedom that they are fighting for.

Quiet Is Requested

If the function of censorship is to withhold only news of importance to the enemy, so is it the function of press and radio to supply military news only of tested value to the public. Our commercial radio, for example, has proved its ability in peacetime; how it will function in wartime is still to be seen. Sunday was a gala day for the networks; they "dedicated" themselves to a twenty-four-hour-a-day coverage of military news, with commentators on the air from every quarter of the nation. Much of the material was repetitious—and understandably so, since it was important to inform the many who had not heard the earlier broadcasts. But much, too, was of absolutely no value, impressive only as an example of radio's dexterity in going the rounds of its commentators. Now that the first surprise is over, we hope this kind of fireworks will be discouraged by the radio heads. A few simple statements of facts at regular intervals will be of far greater value than a hodgepodge of fact and rumor, of assertions followed by denials. Public calm is essential to united action and can be helped enormously by prompt delivery of the best available news. Ambitious seeking after "coverage," at the expense of accuracy and discrimination, is national hysteria's best friend. It is also the surest way of convincing the authorities that censorship should be applied on a broad scale.

Japanese in America

The inability of the average American to distinguish between a Chinese and a Japanese has led the Chinese in this country to devise ready ways of identifying themselves. In Los Angeles Chinese will wear distinctive buttons; in Seattle they will carry identification cards. The reason can be understood, and the Chinese are to be congratulated on their ingenuity. We hope, however, that they are taking an unnecessary preventive step. If Americans are as sane as there is ground for believing they are, they will not persecute or harass the Japanese in the United States. As we all know, many Japanese have lived long and usefully in this country and in all senses are entitled to protection and respect. The government authorities can be trusted to deal with Japanese who do not fall into that category. We can get along better without the hysteria of 1917.

The Captive-Mine Settlement

Last Monday's newspapers, understandably enough, gave relatively little space to the decision of the three-man board appointed by the President to arbitrate the union-shop issue in the captive coal mines. The board, with Mr. Fairless of U. S. Steel dissenting from the opinion of Dr. John R. Steelman and John L. Lewis, did the proper and indeed the expected thing in granting the United Mine Workers the union shop. As Dr. Steelman pointed out, the UMW had organized 95 percent of the 53,000 captive miners and 99.5 percent of all the miners in the nation. Under the circumstances the UMW was fully entitled to the union shop. The New Republic strenuously objected to the means by which Mr. Lewis attempted to obtain the union shop last month. The means, a strike that threatened the victory program, were wholly wrong. The end was right, and now it has been obtained by means to which exception cannot be taken.

The Voice of Franco

The activities in the United States and the Western Hemisphere of German and Italian fifth-column groups have been pretty well exposed, but spokesmen for Franco's Spain have attracted little attention. Possibly these spokesmen belong in the small-fry category. It ought to be noted, none the less, that representatives of the Phalanx, now Spain's only legal party, are at work in this country and in Latin America. The Phalanx's dream is that one day Spain's empire in the New World will flourish again and while awaiting that day

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(Hitler's triumph in Europe is to usher it in), the Phalanx seeks busily to win converts to the cause and ideas of the Franco regime and fascism in general.

Most of its proselyting is done in Latin America, but the Phalanx has not neglected this nation. It publishes magazines and a tabloid paper and holds meetings and raises funds under various auspices. All this is on the record. But unless the Phalanx differs from other Fascist organizations, a great deal may be going on off the record. Americans have the right to know. The New York Post has moved that the Department of Justice investigate Phalanx activities. The New Republic seconds that motion.

Tanks and Morale

The report from Libya that American-made tanks are the finest of their kind in use on any battlefront brings to mind a suggestion we heard made recently by a good friend of labor. This suggestion was that the morale of American workers could be infinitely bettered if they were enabled to learn in some detail how tanks or any other piece of fighting machinery made in their factories had stood up in actual combat. The practical obstacles to carrying out that suggestion may readily be seen, but the idea remains a good one. If the workers in X factory could know just how their tanks had fared in, say, the action around Tobruk, the war would be brought home to them more sharply than it could be in any other way. And a sense of achievement might supersede that ineffectualness which many Americans seem to feel.

Last Week

The week began at 2:26 P.M., Eastern Standard Time, Sunday, December 7, when WOR interrupted a broadcast of the Giants-Brooklyn football game in New York City to say that Japan had struck at Hawaii. National broadcasts were made at 2:30.

For many months members of Congress and their constituents had tried, most of them with great sincerity, to decide whether this particular act or that one was, in a favorite word of congressional debaters, "tantamount" to war. There was great division of opinion about the width of the oceans which border the North American continent. There was a nationwide hope that war, which all saw as inevitable, could be qualified by a phrase or a word or a reservation of some kind. The echo of the bombs that exploded on United States soil at Pearl Harbor silenced the qualifying word. The continents closed. The argument ended. It was war.

The Senate recognized the fact of war unanimously, 82 to 0. Absentee members concurred. The House voted the declaration 399 to 1, Miss Rankin of Montana, one of the two present members of the House who opposed the declaration of war against Germany in 1917, again being unable to overcome her scruples against fighting. There were hisses in the gallery but most Americans respected her. President Roosevelt signed the joint resolution at 4:10.

Individual Americans responded according to their natures, which are various. General Robert E. Wood said, "Of course the America First Committee will support the war." This apparently was the end of the Committee. Senator Wheeler said, "Everyone, regardless of party affiliations, must back up the administration." Senator Nye observed bitterly that "the United States has done its utmost to provoke a quarrel with Japan." Charles A. Lindbergh belatedly advocated support of the government.

The New York Daily News went on worrying about whether elections would be held and said that we must "fight for America first for a change. . . . If the Philippines, Hong Kong, Singapore and Dutch East Indies can cash in on our defense of ourselves, fine; but if they cannot—well, our first duty is to ourselves." The oceans on the big globe on the first floor of the Daily News Building looked as wide as ever, from Colonel Patterson's editorial rooms. But The News withdrew an anti-war cartoon, in its later editions. The Chicago Tribune said: "Recriminations are useless . . . all of us, from this day forth, have but one task."

Westbrook Pegler chewed nails and wrote: "In a brawl with Adolf Hitler who is, after all, the principal enemy, it is well to have a man in the White House who will not bother to break clean or keep his punches up." Dorothy Thompson kept her eye on the ball: "The only logical answer to Japan's declaration of war against us is to reply with a declaration of war against the Axis. . . . As sure as God made little green apples, Germany is going to declare war on us when it pleases her to do so."

The fact of the week was that the diverse American people, who form a democracy, had become a united people. There had been no coercion.

THE NEW REPUBLIC

A Journal of Opinion

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After Pearl Harbor

LET'S NOT FOOL OURSELVES. Sunday's descent upon Pearl Harbor did damage on the scale of the great British raid upon Taranto. Although the White House counters Tokyo's claim that two battleships were sunk with the statement that only one battleship and a destroyer were lost, it admits that "several other ships have been seriously damaged"—apparently referring to at least some of the four other battleships and four cruisers Japan claims to have hit. And the installations at Schofield Barracks and Hickman Field—both showy places with white curbstones, tree-lined plazas, massed country-club architecture, and never a thought of concealment or dispersal—may have been put virtually out of commission.

That we were caught unawares is one thing. That the job was carried out with first-class dash and precision is another. For years our oracular experts have assured us that Japan would not risk her ships across 3,500 miles of sea to attack our strongest position. And for years amateur observers have come home to tell us that Japanese pilots, being slit-eyed, could not handle, let alone aim, airplanes properly. It is better that we know the truth. We are fighting an enemy schooled in every stratagem perfected by Berlin.

The attack on Pearl Harbor was brilliant. It was also desperate. Let us consider it carefully. Our coming actions may depend upon our ability to understand precisely the martial mentality that ordered it. Let us not, after having been too confident, be too frightened. The attack was at bottom an expression of fear—fear of superior American forces. It was an attempt to keep them from getting started. As such, it was the last of a ten-year-long series of strokes on the part of highwayman nations to daze, confound and immobilize their victims.

I say "the last." My subject in this article is naval; but I cannot forbear looking back upon the broader strategy of psychology. For years the Japanese navy had been held poised against us as a daily threat. When Japan joined Hitler's Axis, her navy became his own threat, reaching at us clear around the globe. It was part of his vast, incalculable store of possible might—a "general reserve," as the soldiers call it, which at one time included an ambitious Italy, a purchased string of Danubian and Balkan states, and even a mysterious Russia. One by one, these reserves were rolled into action—except that Russia got in on the opposite side. Now all the forces are committed. There will be no more confusing us with stories of dark terrors threatening to attack: the final sensation on the list has been sprung. The blitz over Hawaii was the last.

Not that we shall rally at once from the blow, and sweep all before us. We shall have to endure several reënactments of the original surprise: the Japanese (whose war materials we furnished) may already have seized Guam (whose fortification our Congress refused). Some of our other island air bases have probably already gone under. We may lose the Philippines. A force of aircraft carriers, fueling themselves from tankers lying in the empty reaches of the North Pacific, may sweep down upon our own coast and do a night's work of bombing there.

All this sounds dangerous enough. But let us ask just what it can do to us. The Japanese have badly mauled Pearl Harbor; but they have not followed up their first success by the only decisive form of assault: seizure of the land by ground troops. To have attempted this would have meant risking Japan's whole battle fleet and a vast armada of transports 3,500 miles from their base; and this Japan cannot do. But so long as Pearl Harbor stands, the mid-Pacific remains ours: the attack accomplished much, but proved nothing.

The same answer will apply, I think, in case of Japan's outright seizure of Guam, Wake and Midway Islands. These actions would break up our direct communications to the Far East; but they would by no means stop us from using the southerly route to Australia and the Java Sea. They would accomplish much; but so long as the vast South Pacific was in Allied hands, they would prove little. The same, again, in case of the seizure of the Philippines: it would accomplish much, but so long as mightily defended Singapore remained to us it would by no means prove that we were out of the East. And, finally, the same in case of attacks upon our own coast: they might wreak overnight destruction, but since Japan cannot exploit them by means of actual landings they would not prove us in real danger.

Here, then, is Japan's dilemma: she can start the war brilliantly by smashing up our outposts, but she cannot overrun our vital strongholds. Now, a blitzkrieg, as Hitler executed it, should be aimed at the heart of a country. Its purpose is to stagger and disrupt the enemy in his home and give him no time to rally. But Japan has used up her valuable store of initial surprise upon our mere extremities. And the strongest of these still stand: Hawaii, Singapore and the southern sea route. Time is given us to mass and deploy our huge, far-flung forces. What happens from now on will involve the frontal clash of metal on metal. And our metal is heavier.

Japan is faced by another dilemma. She is waging what, according to her lights, is total war. But total war, as Hitler waged it, was always aimed at total objectives: that is, the annihilation of the enemy. But Japan cannot hope to annihilate us. All she seeks to do is to

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drive us out of the Western Pacific. Thus she is waging total war for limited objectives. Yet to win this war she must commit all her forces and resources. And even if she should win it, it would be only a partial victory; we would still be left in our half of the Pacific, able to threaten to strike back.

Our objective, on the other hand, is total: it is to destroy Japan as a military power. We are committing our forces for an entire victory over the aggressor. This has a vital bearing on our conduct of war at sea. We know that Japan cannot annihilate us; but Japan is not at all sure that we cannot annihilate her. If our fleet is defeated, it will be a tragedy for us; if Japan's is defeated, it is the end of Japan. And this puts Japan into a confusion of strategy: she has got to commit her fleet, and hoard it as well. It is with no disrespect to our navy that I say that Japan's ships, one by one, are more precious to her than ours are to us.

In simple words, we can afford to take losses. We can dare an all-out attack on the citadels of Japan's power. The danger is great, but the stakes are huge. Our strategy may even go the length of tempting Japan to expand still further and to gain seeming victories over our dispersed small forces to the southward, until, with our main strength in hand, we choose the moment for a massed attack on Japan proper. We may find it wiser not to contest the Japanese at their periphery, but rather to strike at their lines to the center. This would be costly war. Let us look at its possibilities.

The 1,500-mile stretch of Japanese-mandated islands is a calculated deathtrap for our fleet. If Japan, behind cover of them, attempts to seize Borneo, Celebes or New Guinea, there is probably not a great deal we can do to stop her. Nor can we send any large number of troops to stop her advance on land into Burma. On our small mid-ocean outposts we cannot put up much more than a token resistance. Our Manila squadron may fall back on Singapore.

But then see the difficulties that would beset a fully extended Japanese empire. It would, for instance, have to station a large cruiser force in the conquered Indies. Its Indo-China squadron would have to be increased as Americans reinforced the British at Singapore. The Philippines, if seized, would need a large base force.

Meanwhile all the mandated islands would have to be guarded by submarines and light craft. In the north, squadrons would have to be ready to meet Russian submarine forays from Vladivostok; and, further north, to watch for American sweeps from Unalaska. And during all this time heavy forces would have to be detailed to shepherd vital convoys into mid-Pacific and down the long, perilous China Sea.

Such dispersion would leave the Japanese probably less than half of their fleet for defense of the homeland. Allied strategy then might be something like this: first, to promote this dispersion by sending isolated cruisers on raiding sweeps—ships that would probably be sacrificed; then possibly to strike with a carrier or two and a fast battleship like the Prince of Wales at southern posts; and finally, when the American fleet was intact again, to carry out a massed advance preceded by carriers whose planes would bomb Japan's home cities and force her depleted fleet to come out and fight.

Perhaps the vital difference between the chances of the opponents is this: Japan can dislodge us, but cannot surround us. We, on the other hand, may suffer heavy losses in trying to dislodge Japan, but, with our Allies all about her, we can attack from whatever side we choose.

WILLIAM HARLAN HALE

Tough About a Town

I know a town so small
its people never had the gall
to name it
A man born there
would rather not been born at all
than claim it
The houses need so much repair
they couldn't fall
You'd have to buck 'em up to pull 'em down
Gadamoughty, what a town

Know what ails a town that small?
It's lonesome for a poolhall
It needs a trolleycar to scratch its back
At night it dreams of neon signs
and telephone lines
and engines proddin' down a spur
of railroad track
It longs to hear noon whistles blow
and motors whir
and feel a few more feet
come scruffin' down the street
My Lard, a town's supposed to grow

Who built that dump?
Him as did would break a horse's leg
and leave him lay
I'd like to meet that guy some day
I'd stretch him on a cider keg
and whale his rump
with a pitchfork and a grubbin' hoe
I bet I'd let him know
he couldn't start a town
and run away
I'd make him build a movie show
and open beerjoints every day
He'd wrap a thousand dogs-to-go
and if that didn't wear him down
beyond a reasonable doubt
I'd inch up close behind his back
and smack
his eyeballs out
Great Gawd from Peeru, I'm tough about a town.

PRESTON NEWMAN

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Food for War and Peace

WITHIN THE PAST TWO YEARS, the big problem of American agriculture has changed from the threat of too much to the threat of too little. Of course, there never really was too much from the standpoint of peoples' needs, but all through the 1930-40 decade, agriculture struggled with the problem of surpluses. It was true that people were hungry during that period. As many intelligent men pointed out, such a situation didn't make sense. Yet if the American people couldn't find a way of using the farm surpluses on hand, there was no reason to raise more simply for the sake of raising more. And in the early thirties, the bigger the farm surpluses, the longer the bread lines and the more hunger in the cities.

The adjustment in agriculture after 1932 had to be made. The only question was whether the adjustment should be made in an orderly way with the aid of government or in a disorderly way through bankruptcy and ruin. The orderly way was chosen.

When the Second World War began, farm commodities began a brief inflationary dance. People thought about the 40-cent cotton, 20-cent hogs and $3 wheat of 1918 and 1919 and rushed out to buy. But before long prices of farm products went down with a thud. The war had sealed our export markets. The blockade cut off most of Europe. The English conserved their dollar exchange for munitions. Livestock products, fruits, cotton and tobacco were particularly hard hit. Hog prices dropped until they were dangerously near the levels of the depression period.

Then, along in 1940, the situation began to change rather rapidly. Our arms program began to function; the increased industrial activity meant increased pay rolls, and increased pay rolls and an increased demand for farm products are Siamese twins. The continent of Europe had fallen to the Nazis; submarines were active and Britain began to depend upon us, not only for munitions, but for food.

Sizing up the situation as best I could, I told the farmers in the fall of 1940 that I thought it would be a good thing to increase their production of hogs. At that time hogs were selling for about six cents a pound and a lot of disgusted farmers were going out of the hog business. Quite a few people, some pork producers among them, criticized the Agriculture Department for advising farmers to grow more hogs at a time when they were selling at a loss.

Nevertheless, farmers took our advice and did raise more hogs. The production of pigs in 1941 will be slightly more than that of 1940, instead of 10 to 15 percent less, as seemed likely in the winter of 1940. And early last spring we began a campaign to increase both pork production and dairy and poultry products.

But while we can take credit for foresight, we might as well confess that we can't take too much. Looking back, I wonder why we didn't see some things sooner.

Frankly, we need more of some foods than we shall be able to produce for several months to come. I have dairy products particularly in mind. For the nation as a whole there is a record supply of feed on hand but it takes time to step up milk production.

With enough feed available, pork and poultry production can be increased very rapidly. A pig is big enough to market in six or seven months, and chickens in less time than that, but a cow must be two years old before she begins producing milk.

We can stimulate the production of dairy products in various ways: by feeding more grain than ordinarily would be fed, for instance. But, as is the case almost always with extra effort, the cost of the dairy products that we get through heavier feeding will be more than the cost of other milk. And such practices, important as they are, are not to be compared to the increase that comes from fresh cows.

Fortunately, our total supply of nutritive foods will be sufficient for ourselves and for Britain too. We may have to make some substitutions, and there might even be a temporary scarcity of some products.

Last spring, for example, I suggested that we should cut down on our consumption of cheese. Maybe I didn't handle the thing right, for I got an anvil chorus out of my request. Some cheese-makers took the attitude that I wanted to cut down on the production of cheese and that I was an enemy of the industry. I tried to explain and eventually I think I did succeed in getting my point over, which was that there wasn't enough milk to supply all the dairy products to fill our own and British needs, and I was suggesting that we divide our cheese with the British workingmen.

The original reaction came, in my opinion, from lack of knowledge of the seriousness of the British food situation and the seriousness of the world situation in general. Our people have been complacent, too complacent, and they have been a little hard to arouse. With every day that passes, however, more people realize what a Nazi victory would mean to the United States.

As soon as the lease-lend bill became law, we began shipping to Britain pork, cheese, eggs and tobacco. Every month since the passage of the lease-lend bill the tonnage of agricultural commodities going to Britain has increased greatly. The increase was much more rapid than anyone, including the British, had anticipated. It was due perhaps to two things: first, a better shipping situation; and second, the realization on the part of ourselves and the British of the importance of food in the defense effort.

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Through October 18, 1941, we had shipped 887,171 tons of agricultural products to Britain. We had sent more, in fact, than the original schedules called for. The August shipping program of the British Food Mission called for total food shipments of 83,694 tons. The actual August shipments to the United Kingdom, however, totaled 188,946 tons. During August, additional shipping capacity became available, but some industrial products which were scheduled for shipment were not on hand.

The British are doing all they can to help themselves. They have increased their acreage in plowland 25 percent since 1939 and they are still turning under thousands of acres of their fine pastures. The Canadians are helping all they can. Nevertheless, the British must have our food to go on fighting.

Not only that, we have made definite promises to the British. We intend to produce the food guaranteed under those commitments and see that it is delivered. One billion dollars of the latest lease-lend appropriation is earmarked for the purchase of food. Almost a third of that billion dollars will go for pork products. In 1942, we plan to supply the British with about a billion and a half pounds of pork and lard. Another third of the billion will be spent for dairy products and eggs and most of the remainder for vitamin-rich fruit and vegetable products, tobacco and cotton.

If we don't furnish these foodstuffs to Britain, she may have to give up. The British are living now, and have been living, on rations that our underprivileged would consider scanty. Two of my aides, Paul Appleby, Undersecretary of Agriculture, and R. M. Evans, administrator of the Agricultural Adjustment Administration, went to England not long ago and remained four or five weeks. They brought back the story of the dairy farmer who has 200 cows and yet doesn't even have milk or cream on his own table. Almost all of Britain's milk and cream goes to children and mothers.

Evans and Appleby told of seeing one orange. An aviator had it and he exhibited it before he ate it. Each had one egg apiece during their entire stay. They reported that a Cabinet leader told them that British factory production could be increased 15 to 20 percent if the English people had enough meat to eat. And they brought back convincing proof of the shortage of food in their own persons. Evans lost ten pounds during his stay. Appleby lost eight.

In Portugal on their way back they got grim reports about conditions on the Continent. All Europe is hungry. For obvious reasons, the Nazis are faring better than the countries they have occupied. They take what they want. Yet Germany is hungry too. The lack of fats hasn't been remedied by all the German victories and isn't likely to be so long as Britain and the United States control the seas.

Conditions are growing worse all over Europe. Spain, where starving children plead for food from travelers, has another short wheat crop and recent rains have reduced wheat-crop prospects all over Europe. The condition of Greece this winter will be pitiful.

Hitler's dream of consolidating his gains will be futile so long as he can't feed the conquered peoples. To the average European, the New Order has come to mean an empty stomach. Freedom from Nazism has come to mean freedom from hunger. The conquered countries are only waiting their opportunity to rise.

The people under Nazi domination should know that, once they get rid of Hitler, we are ready to feed them. We must be able to make good our promises. To do that, we need to store up reserves of food, reserves in addition to the food needed for ourselves and Britain. I am hopeful that we will make a good beginning on that task in 1942.

Fortunately, our agricultural plant has a tremendous potential productive capacity. Since 1932, farmers have argued that the organization set up to reduce production could be used even more effectively to increase production. In 1942, one hundred thousand Triple-A committeemen—all of them farmers—will help prove their argument. They will have the help of the other efficient organizations, such as the Extension Service, the Farm Security Administration and other agencies.

Since 1932, farmers have done a lot of soil-conserving; they have adopted more efficient farming methods, are using better seed, and our feed supplies are the largest on record. All this will help out, although farmers are going to be faced with some real difficulties in meeting production requirements for 1942. This will be due in part to the inherent difficulties in stepping up the production for some foods and in part to shortages in such things as skilled labor, fertilizer, farm machinery and operating materials.

In 1942, we are not going to have enough steel and other metals to go round. Nitrates are needed for both fertilizer and the manufacture of explosives. Copper, which is a necessary part of insect sprays, is a metal which will be short.

Perhaps the greatest shortage of all will be in the supply of skilled farm labor. Bear in mind that I said *skilled* labor. I refer to the worker who can and will get up early in the morning to look after the dairy herd or poultry flock, run a tractor and power-driven machinery all day, do the evening chores and possibly minister to a sick cow or to a farrowing sow in the night. From a lifetime of farming, I know the skill required for this kind of work. The munitions factories prefer the kind of labor which is accustomed to handling farm machinery. They are offering wages far beyond what farmers can pay. Draft boards are hard pressed to fill their quotas in rural areas and already farm labor is becoming very scarce, particularly in those sections of the country where we must look for our greatest increase in the production of pork, poultry and dairy products.

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By 1943, however, barring the unexpected, we should be storing up our food reserves in sizable quantities. Some of our folks already are beginning to worry about a surplus of pork and eggs year after next.

I'd worry too if I did not feel that we are going to need all of certain nutritive foods that we can produce. And if I did not feel that we're going to treat our farmers better than we did during and after the last war, I would worry more. During that war, as you remember, we got down on our knees and begged them to raise everything they could. They did. And after the war they came to us and asked us what to do with the surpluses that were piling up. In effect, we told them: "That's *your* worry."

From the standpoint of farmers, that is a brief but pretty accurate statement of what happened. I know because I was farming during and after the First World War.

This time, judging from the attitude Congress has shown, we'll give both farmers and consumers protection. For some time to come, we shall need the surpluses of dairy products, meats, poultry products and many fruits and vegetables. We shall need them and so shall the rest of the world. Keep in mind that our own people could use a lot more food, especially the foods rich in proteins, minerals and vitamins.

Our increased farm production, however, does not mean increased production of all crops. We want to grow less wheat in 1942 and probably in 1943. The wheat supply in the United States this year is 1,348,000,000 bushels, which is more than a two years' supply. Great Britain is getting all the wheat she wants from Canada, which also has huge supplies, as has almost every surplus-wheat-producing country in the world.

If we harvest another big wheat crop next year I don't know where we will store it. Lots of it may have to be piled on the ground. A few months ago I said that cotton was our number-one commodity problem. This year's cotton crop was short and consumption in this country promises to be more than ten million bales for the cotton year ending August 1, 1942. But domestic consumption of wheat has increased very little and isn't likely to increase much. So now I think the number-one surplus problem is wheat.

We need to cut down on the production of wheat, of cotton, of tobacco and of one or two other crops. While there is so much we do need, there's no reason to waste precious labor, fertilizer and machinery in raising what we don't.

I am confident that we can and shall increase production in an orderly way. Every farmer will have an opportunity to make out a farm plan covering almost everything he produces. For the first time, we shall have estimated the national need for farm products and set about systematically to fill that need. I think this type of planning in agriculture will endure, war or no war.

Recently, I attended farmer meetings in Salt Lake City, Chicago, New York and Memphis to talk about production goals for next year. Two thousand farm leaders attended these gatherings. They told me farmers were eager to help with defense. They said they didn't want high prices—they remember what inflation did to them after the last war—but they did want fair prices and protection against post-war collapse.

The public wants farmers to have reasonable prices and protection after the crisis is over. Fair prices are the best guarantee of continued production, and protection for agriculture is one of the requisites if we are to avoid depression after the emergency is over.

I am not criticizing anyone when I say that farmers have produced and are producing more abundantly than any other industry. So far as I know, there is no talk of rationing in any important agricultural commodity. If we produce as we plan to, there will be little if any rationing in farm products. This comparatively favorable situation is due in no small measure to the Ever Normal Granary program inaugurated by Henry Wallace several years ago. Because of the granary, huge stocks of feed are available for our production effort. Without this feed it would be difficult if not impossible to step up production rapidly. That we can draw upon the raw material out of which food is fashioned is due in large part to the foresight of the Vice President.

We have not changed from a program of scarcity to a program of abundance. We have never had a program of scarcity.

It is true that people haven't had all they should have had to eat of the vital foods. But that wasn't because the Department of Agriculture and the farmers of the country didn't stand ready to produce the amounts or get the right amounts of vital foods to the people who needed them. We have gone a long way in this respect. We hope to go a lot further and we want our production effort eventually to make an abundance of nutritious food the heritage of every citizen.

The people of this country will not tolerate indefinitely a situation in which abundant crops and hunger go together. People ask how we are to bridge this gap. I don't pretend to know all the answers. Some of the answers I know. They are the school-lunch program, the stamp plan and direct distribution of surplus commodities to the needy, programs that have been developed by the Department of Agriculture. Of course, another answer is to keep up the purchasing power of our consumers. In this connection, if we can put our entire economy to work in wartime, we should be able to put it to work in peacetime too.

I know also that the food that we are now producing will be needed, and badly, when the war is over. The world can always use good food. Tanks, battleships, planes and all the implements of war become obsolete, but good nutritious food will never go out of fashion.

CLAUDE R. WICKARD

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Moscow and Rostov

SIX MONTHS of the Russo-German war make plain its basic military features. It has taken a course altogether different from those of the preceding campaigns of the Second World War. Actually none of these earlier campaigns amounted to full-fledged war. The German attacks on Poland, Norway, the Netherlands, Belgium, France and the Balkan countries were more in the nature of punitive expeditions, one-sided acts of occupation. The discrepancy in military might and skill was so great that all the classical concepts of warfare and all the lessons of the First World War had to be junked. Full-fledged war does not come into being until a certain proportion exists between offensive and defensive and between the losses of the belligerents. From the Polish campaign through the Balkan campaign the German offensive was not met by anything approaching an adequate system of defense. The discrepancy in losses was fantastic. In the campaign in the West the German army lost some 150,000 men, while taking more than 2,000,000 French prisoners. Until the Russian campaign the question how Hitler could be beaten could not even be posed. There simply was no available experience of how to fight a continental war against the Nazis.

The Russo-German war has for the first time revealed the face of modern war, as waged between two powers, one of which is not incomparably stronger and is not the predestined victor. It exhibits many features different from those of the last war. Battles are no longer fought along lines, but in depth, and there is obviously much greater room for movement. Yet it shows important similarities to the First World War on the western (not the eastern) front, chiefly in that it has again established certain proportions between offensive and defensive and between the losses accruing to each. The fighting in Russia has been far more intense than that on the western front in the First World War. In the first five months, German losses have amounted to some 3,000,000 men (the Russian losses are probably between 3,000,000 and 4,000,000) —or about four times the average in the First World War over a comparable period.

The German army and the Red Army in this war are fighting according to different plans. The German war plan is one of offensive at any cost; the Russian, one of active defense. But the German and the Russian armies are of approximately equal fighting strength, and for the present a kind of balance of power exists between them. This balance is strikingly confirmed by the great battles of the past ten weeks—battles of the highest tension—Moscow and Rostov.

A balance between German offensive and Russian defense was struck for the first time in the battle of Smolensk, waged late in July and early in August. In that battle the German blitzkrieg was brought to a halt for the first time. The Red Army High Command had studied the methods of German blitzkrieg; it had solved the puzzle they present; and it had elaborated and applied effective tactical counter-measures. Those measures consisted of defense in depth and coöperation among all branches of arms. It was on the Russian front that the combined use of defensive arms—tanks and aviation—was first demonstrated in the defensive. The miracle of German blitzkrieg ended under the counter-blows of Timoshenko's armies at Smolensk.

This systematic and successful Russian defense on the central front came as a surprise to the German High Command. German generals decided then to overcome the Russian defense by a still greater offensive. There ensued the first battle of Moscow, the greatest of the Russo-German war. The German High Command held a number of trump cards. The offensive was thoroughly prepared, over a period of two full months, August and September. These preparations were kept in strict secret, camouflaged by a pretended German inactivity on the central front. The Germans counted heavily on the element of surprise when they launched their great attack. They had managed to attain a tremendous superiority, not only in numbers but also in offensive arms, especially tanks. The offensive was planned on a grand scale and it was waged in the classic style of mobile warfare, with the strategy of the battle of annihilation. On both flanks encirclement operations were launched—at Bryansk and Vyasma. At the same time several break-throughs were engineered on the flanks, and on the center Kalinin, Kaluga and Orel were taken by assault. The break-through toward Orel was in particular a masterpiece of the German strategy of mobile warfare.

The entire central front of the Russians began to waver. The battle was waged at a far swifter pace than the preceding one of Smolensk. The German objectives were of far greater scope—the crushing of the entire Russian army group on the central front, and the capture of Moscow. Compared to this gigantic concentration of German troops bearing down in several directions at once, the famous German break-through at Sedan on May 16, 1940, was but a modest local operation. In the first phase of the battle for Moscow, between October 1 and 15, German strategy achieved the most grandiose, audacious and comprehensive operation of which it has so far shown itself capable.

Yet in the situation of supreme danger, the troops and the command of the Red Army managed to hold on. They repeated the defense method of Smolensk—coöperation among all branches of arms and defense

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in depth. But that method was now augmented. The new and dangerous element in the battle of Moscow was the vast German tank superiority. The Russians fearlessly improvised a remedy—the use of infantry and artillery as anti-tank troops. For the first time many Russian infantry and artillery units fought German panzer divisions without tank support of their own. At the same time, coincident with the battle and the deep retreat, a Russian counter-concentration was carried out. Russian strategic reserves were thrown in so swiftly and efficiently that they were able to restore a continuous front and parry the crucial German attack over a semicircle around Moscow. At the same time, along the new front, fortified defense positions were thrown up so swiftly that they kept pace with German mobile operations. It was the first time in military history that a maneuver with defensive positions had been executed with such speed and thoroughness. Thus arose the physical structure for the newly stabilized front before Moscow.

The second battle of Moscow, begun late in November, was waged with weakened offensive power. It was not a grandiosely planned maneuver in the style of mobile warfare, but essentially a frontal battle, though with pressure on the flanks. In that battle the struggle has raged predominantly around individual defense positions. The German troops have been trying to "gnaw through" the Russian front, as the Germans put it. The new danger this offers to Moscow must not be underestimated.

The situation on the southern sector of the Russian front offers striking evidence that the German war of movement has been stopped in its tracks. Down there the Germans had been waging mobile warfare almost without a let-up, with special intensity since early August. Until late in November the campaign in the south was an unbroken series of victories for German arms. It was the supreme achievement of German mobile warfare. The conquest of the Ukraine, the break-through from Volhynia to the lower Dnieper, the further break-through to the coast of the Sea of Azov and finally the capture of Rostov—all these seemed to confirm the efficacy of blitzkrieg strategy.

After Moscow, Rostov is perhaps the most important pivot of the Russian front. It flanks the Donets Basin from the south and commands the approaches to Russia's southeast, to the lower Volga and the Caucasus. Once in possession of Rostov, the German High Command could count on conquering the entire Donets Basin. And from Rostov the German generals thought they could already see the oil derricks of Baku and the smokestacks of Stalinograd.

Here in the south the German army has placed its second-strongest concentration. The costly German operation against the Crimea was meant to advance the offensive against Russia's southeast.

The Russian defense had destroyed many thousands of German tanks before. But now, fighting in and behind Rostov, the Red Army routed a great German tank formation—the largest on the southern front. This was not a defensive operation on the part of the Russians, but a furious counter-offensive. It has been one of the signal weaknesses of the Red Army that it never resorted to the great strategic counter-maneuver. But the Russian armies on the southern front, showing remarkable powers of recuperation, moved now to the active counter-offensive.

When the Russians defeated General von Kleist at Rostov, they defeated the most successful of all the German tank armies—one whose record excelled in glory even that of the famous General Guderian. Von Kleist's army played a leading part in the conquest of the Ukraine. It conquered Dniepropetrovsk and the coast of the Sea of Azov. It was the spearhead of Field Marshal General von Rundstedt's army group.

Quite apart from Rostov's strategic importance, this victory of the Red Army is doubly important. It has shown that the famous German tank divisions are not invincible. They represent the concentrated offensive power of Hitler's army—its mobile fire-power. But part of their strength was the firm cohesion of their combat order. They acquired in modern warfare the prestige that surrounded the Roman cohorts in ancient times. Heretofore the German tank divisions had never relinquished any territory they had conquered. One reason why the test of strength in Libya is of particular interest is that there the question is to be settled whether limited German tank forces can be beaten by the British tank arm. Now Rostov has proved that the German panzer divisions *can* be defeated.

This is what the strategic balance sheet of the first half-year of the Russo-German war looks like: The Germans won the battle of frontiers and the battle of the Ukraine. The Red Army won the battle of Smolensk and the first battle for Moscow. In the second battle for Moscow, the Germans retain the initiative, as does the Red Army in the battle of the south. All in all, a balance of power exists at present, with the fighting strength of the Red Army higher than at the outbreak of the war and the offensive power of the Germans apparently below that of their supreme effort in mid-October.

The German army has the advantages of large territorial gains. It threatens enemy centers. But it must pay for these advantages with the risks of an exposed position deep in enemy country, remote from its own bases. It cannot endure a relative state of balance for any length of time. That is why we must expect a great German offensive in the near future. Unless that offensive comes off in the next four to eight weeks, or even earlier, we may conclude that the German High Command is faced with its first crisis on the eastern front.

MAX WERNER

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Labor Legislation and War

IT SHALL BE UNLAWFUL . . . for the purpose of inducing any person to work or abstain from working for a defense contractor, to watch . . . a house or place where a person resides. . . ."

This is what the House of Representatives voted on December 3, 1941. It is probably the most fantastic provision of a very strange piece of legislation—the so-called Smith bill, brought in as the answer to the strike problem.

The punishment for "watching a house" is curious, too. The watcher is to be denied, apparently for the rest of his life, the status of an employee under the National Labor Relations Act. In other words, an employer can fire a man for union activities, if that man has ever been seen "watching a house."

The watcher is also denied unemployment benefits for the rest of his life. Just how this provision can be made effective is unexplained: unemployment benefits are paid by the states. But that did not deter the House majority.

The watcher is also denied, for his whole life, any WPA employment, or relief of any kind, regardless of his future circumstances. He is also denied "any bounty or gratuity" from the United States to which he would otherwise be entitled.

Now, of course, it is not just a man watching a house who will be so penalized. Any man who strikes during "cooling-off periods," which aggregate ninety days, any man who strikes without a secret strike vote (of all the employees, not just the union) having first been taken, any man who takes part in jurisdictional or sympathetic strikes will suffer the same penalties.

Thus does the Smith bill seek to meet the nation's demand for full and continuous industrial production. No nation that has made it a crime to strike has ever increased production thereby, but that did not seem to matter. For after all, the real purpose of the Smith bill is not to stop strikes. It is not to increase production. It is, simply and obviously, to destroy organized labor.

If the bill were a sincere attempt to outlaw strikes, it would have made striking an offense punishable by fine or jail sentence. But the Smith bill provides very different penalties. You can embarrass and punish labor by putting its leaders in prison. You can destroy labor by taking away its guarantees against oppression. The Smith bill takes the latter course.

It is hard to believe that this bill, in its present form, will ever become law. As to why it passed the House, there are several reasons. Some members, of course, are frankly against organized labor: such powerful leaders from the poll-tax states as Messrs. Cox, Dies and Smith have opposed the New Deal labor legislation pretty consistently. Many members with moderate views have been disturbed by strikes, particularly the coal strike, and voted for the Smith bill when it came up for final passage rather than have no legislation at all.

And it is a fact that a great deal of anti-strike mail has been pouring into Washington, expressing the alarm of plain people over labor disputes. That alarm is out of all proportion to the facts, but it is genuine. The anti-labor section of the press has done an effective job: what greater tribute could be paid to it than Mr. Cox's exultant cry, right after the bill was passed: "The vote just stated, thank God, shows that, so far as this house is concerned, Pegler was wrong." Pegler's savage denunciation of the Congress apparently made a definite dent.

I would not care to make any forecast as to what will happen in the Senate. But I do not expect that the true desire for uninterrupted production will result in a complete reversal of the labor policies of the last eight years. With those policies in effect, production has been making tremendous strides; passage of the Smith bill, far from stopping strikes, would probably stop the rapid rise of the defense-production index instead.

It does seem fairly likely that the two Houses can agree on some such measure as the Ramspeck bill, part of which is included in the Smith bill. Until the afternoon of the vote in the House, it was generally expected that the moderate Ramspeck bill would prevail.

The Ramspeck proposal creates a mediation board, gives it the power to prescribe and enforce cooling-off periods up to a total of sixty days, and provides for the seizure of strike-bound plants by the government. The plant-seizure provision was objectionable to some industrial associations, as well as to organized labor, and was not included in the Smith bill.

That leaves the Ramspeck bill as primarily a cooling-off-period bill. It might possibly do some good and some harm. It is offensive to those who view the right to strike as labor's basic sanction to collective bargaining. Most of all, it would have no widespread practical effect—for passing bills to make strikes illegal does not prevent strikes.

They have had compulsory arbitration in Australia for more than forty years, and there have been more strikes, comparatively, than there have been here.

They made it a crime to strike in England in the last war. Three strikers were convicted, and promptly 97,000 shipyard workers gave notice that they were

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going out in protest. The law could not be enforced. Some of our states have enacted cooling-off-period legislation. It has not worked. In one of those states, there were eight times as many strikes in the year after the cooling-off-period law was passed as there had been in the previous year.

There are other objections to cooling-off periods. Some employers are still antagonistic to the whole idea of collective bargaining. They could, and doubtless would, try to use the delay between the notice of strike and the actual strike, to fire the union leaders, terrorize the employees and recruit strikebreakers. These tactics have been used before and might be again. Perhaps the dismissed men would have to be reinstated later, but meanwhile the plant remains unorganized. The Ramspeck bill does give the mediation board power to "freeze" the existing situation, however, and this would minimize the danger, though it does not eliminate it.

The cooling-off period has been proposed, unquestionably, with complete sincerity, and commands wide support. Meanwhile, Representative Kelley of Pennsylvania, himself an employer, has introduced a resolution recommending that the President call a conference of representatives of management, labor and government to formulate an industrial-relations policy for the emergency. A policy thus arrived at, as Mr. William Batt of the OPM has said, "implemented by the President's acceptance and declared by him to be a vital factor in the safety of the country, would be a standard around which every liberty-loving American, in or out of the ranks of labor, could rally."

What a splendid thing it would be, for the country and the cause of democracy, were the Kelley resolution adopted while the Smith bill died. The need for harmony is greater than ever before—harmony, not embittered disunity. The need is for faith in America, faith in democracy, faith translated into works—not the deliberate creation of an inevitably sullen minority. The working people of the nation are good Americans. There will be no danger of their following false leadership, if they are recognized as equal partners in a great national effort. Free men will work in the defense of freedom.

Washington THOMAS ELIOT

Exit, the Common Cold

Startling Progress of Science in Control of Air-Borne Infection

THE WINTER OF 1940-41 saw one of the worst measles epidemics in the history of the United States. It was particularly severe along the Atlantic seaboard, in large urban areas. In some school classrooms in Philadelphia, for example, the rates were as high as 60 or 70 percent during the whole period of the epidemic, though this does not mean that any such proportion of children was affected simultaneously.

But in three schools in or near Philadelphia, something extraordinary took place. The number of cases of measles that could reasonably be traced to contacts in the schoolroom was very much smaller. If we exclude children who were immune because of previous infections, and those who caught the disease from brothers and sisters while staying at home in quarantine, the rates were only 12 or 14 percent.

This apparent miracle was in reality the culmination of years of tedious work by various groups of scientists —engineers, doctors, research workers in commercial laboratories, all experimenting with a wonderful new means of cutting down air-borne infection. It came as the successful conclusion of an investigation by the Medical School of the University of Pennsylvania. The classrooms were chosen to test the theory, developed through years of study by W. F. Wells and his wife, M. W. Wells, that contagious epidemics are spread because people congregate in the confined air of closed rooms during cold weather. The scientists were confident that they could control the spread of epidemics of childhood contagions in schools, though even they were surprised at their success in reversing the order of nature by checking a measles epidemic among young children while it was rampant in the older classes that are normally more immune.

The story is a simple one. The children who were so effectively protected spent their days in classrooms in which a special type of ultra-violet lamp had been installed above the eye level and facing upward. Its rays are roughly similar to those in a sunlamp, although concentrated in the area of rather shorter wave length. As the air in a room with such a lamp circulates between irradiated and unirradiated zones, viruses, bacteria or other minute life that it contains are inactivated or killed at varying distances, the time required being lessened with the nearness to the source of the rays.

This sounds simple, yet it may prove one of the most remarkable advances in recent medical history. Measles is only one of numerous diseases that may be effectively checked in this way. Among the others are whooping cough, mumps, chicken pox and pneumonia. Laboratory experiments on animals have shown that the tubercle bacillus is vulnerable to ultra-violet radiation. Infantile paralysis remains a problem, since it does not come, like many other infections, with the closing of doors and windows in cold weather.

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Among the diseases that may be checkmated—and this will probably be of most interest to a majority of my readers—are influenza and the common cold. In fact, for a fairly small sum anybody can now greatly reduce the likelihood of catching cold, provided he will install these lamps in the rooms where he spends the greater part of his time, and will be careful about exposing himself in crowded public buildings at periods of the year when colds and influenza are prevalent. As time passes, it is reasonable to suppose that increasing numbers of these public buildings will themselves be equipped with such lamps and the danger of infection thereby correspondingly reduced. When that day comes, unbelievable as it now seems, colds, influenza, pneumonia and the childhood diseases already listed ought to be very largely a thing of the past, so far as accidental infection is concerned.

If you have one of these lamps in your office, you need worry less about getting a cold from a visitor, provided you and he remain in the room with the lamp, and provided that it is kept continuously on. While 100-percent success cannot be guaranteed, the chances are strong that you will not take his cold. (The cautious and conservative medical profession would not make such a firm and optimistic statement as that, but I believe the evidence substantiates it.)

In the schools in Philadelphia, as already mentioned, the younger children were protected with germicidal lamps, and the older ones of high-school age were not. The younger children (excluding the groups described earlier as immune, or as infected at home) had only 25 percent as many cases of measles as the older ones. But measles is a disease of early childhood. Under normal conditions the younger children should have had many more cases than the older ones. If controls could have been better, if lamps could have been installed not only in the classrooms but in the school hallways and in the homes, in buses and street cars, theatres, etc., the record might have been better still.

Germicidal lamps are not only effective in controlling the epidemic spread of contagion, but can be used to prevent respiratory infections from traveling through a confined group. This is shown by the experience in a large orphanage near Chicago, where some of the children are now protected by lamps and others are not. On one unprecedented occasion twelve nurses came down with colds simultaneously—far too many to permit them all to stay at home until they were well. As a result, in a room without the lamps where there were a large number of babies, all but one caught cold. Yet when the same nurses, in spite of their colds, took care of the babies who were protected by the light, not a single infection resulted. In two years, in rooms without lamps, there were sixty-four "cross infections," or contagions, with respiratory diseases—infections, that is, that could be traced to other children, nurses, doctors or visitors. Over a period of many months, there has been just one infection with a respiratory disease among children guarded by light.

Results similar to those just described have been found in a children's hospital in a large Eastern city; here also, part of the children were protected with germicidal lamps and part were not. In the former group, out of 150 children, during six months beginning with December, there were only 4 patients with infections, 3 of which were of the respiratory type. Among 224 children not protected, there were 28 infections, one-half of which were respiratory. But in fact, the difference is even more favorable than it seems. Two of the three respiratory infections in the first group occurred late in May, and it was afterward discovered that the lamps had been burned steadily for such a long time that the bulbs had lost some of their germicidal power.

Today, advanced physicians are coming to recognize the reality of air-borne infection, but the control of the epidemic spread of contagion is a new factor in public health. A hundred years ago, people complained constantly of ailments of the intestinal tract. Slowly and laboriously, yet on the whole effectively, we have learned to purify our drinking water, to pasteurize our milk and to see that our foods are not infected. Engineers have drained our marshes, screened our houses and otherwise kept out insect bearers of disease. Today we are about to cross the last great frontier of sanitary control and purify the air.

The work done at the University of Pennsylvania has shown that there are a number of diseases whose causative agents are normally invisible and can remain suspended in the air indefinitely. It was once thought that you would not get a cold if you kept at double arm's length away from an infected person, but we have found that this is nonsense. Infection is possible if you are in the same room where such a person is or has been recently, or even in one of a series of rooms, provided that the air circulates readily through them.

The research workers have proved this by a group of ingenious laboratory experiments. A laboratory animal infected with one of the air-borne diseases that have been mentioned is placed in a small cage in a large room. A healthy animal of the same species is placed in another small cage in the same room but a number of feet away. In an overwhelming majority of cases the second animal receives the infection. The same result is found when a healthy animal in a cage is subjected to air into which some of the infective agents of various diseases have been artificially introduced.

An important use for these germicidal lamps is in hospital operating rooms. There they have produced a sharp reduction in post-operative infections. Their importance in hospitals in general, and especially in open wards, is obvious. Cross infection, between patient and patient, or among patient, nurse, physician and visitor, is a serious problem for hospitals.

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I should mention that it is possible to sterilize air, and prevent infection, by other than germicidal lamps. It has been discovered for instance that a room can be filled with a fine mist of propylene glycol, which kills much of the organic life in the air. The concentration is so small that there is no obnoxious odor, and clothing and other delicate surfaces are not stained or injured.

Germicidal lamps are sometimes introduced into an air-conditioning system. The air in the room is made to pass through an irradiation chamber so that when it returns, most of the organisms have been eliminated. In fact, however, it is simpler and more effective merely to turn on the germicidal lamps in the room itself. The natural circulation of the air is as effective as though the entire amount went through an irradiation chamber one hundred times an hour. (The only reason for pointing the lamps upward in indirect-lighting fixtures above the eye level is to avoid burning the eyes of people who look directly at the lamp—a painful experience, but not usually serious. It would of course be more efficient to irradiate every part of the room than merely the upper half.)

Even if the lamp is placed above the eye level of a person standing in the room, and has its rays directed upward, it will have killed a large part of the germs in that room within a few minutes, though for cautionary reasons it is well to keep the lamp lighted very much longer. (I am speaking of an ordinary-size room, say roughly twelve by sixteen by eight.) Of course, if germs are being added continually by the occupants of the room, the light should also be on continually. The cost of operation is insignificant with electric current at an average price.

Germicidal lamps are not especially expensive; they range from perhaps $10 to $30 or $40 each, not including the cost of installation, and are now being made by at least four manufacturers. It should be strongly emphasized that they must be installed by an expert. Your local electrician is not at present competent to arrange such an installation. Neither is your local physician, unless he has especially qualified himself by study in the last few months, and such study has been undertaken by very few.

Until very recently, prevailing medical theory was against the idea that infections could be carried by air. It had long been recognized that diseases were transmitted through water, milk, mosquitoes and vermin, and through common use of utensils, towels, etc. The notion, however, that the air itself could be a source of contamination was rejected as belonging to the "miasmic-vapor" era of a hundred years ago. Even today, a nurse is not permitted to excuse herself, if a cross infection occurs among her patients, on the ground that air-borne germs have been responsible, and not her own careless handling of dishes, towels, implements, etc. Lately, however, motion pictures have been made, using special new techniques, under which some of these air-borne infections, hitherto invisible to the naked eye, have actually been seen. The Journal of the American Medical Association and other reputable medical periodicals now fully accept the idea of air-borne infection, and have shown keen interest in the use of germicidal lamps and other techniques to combat it.

It is difficult at present to conduct experiments on human beings in the use of the germicidal lamps because most people pass through many environments in the course of a day, and it is impractical to have lamps in all of them. A person might be shielded by lamps twenty-three hours and fifty-five minutes a day, and then spend five minutes in an unprotected elevator, bus or street car, and there pick up an infection. In the case of colds and some other diseases, there are several types of germs or viruses, and you can be infected with more than one simultaneously. Even with organisms of the same type, it is possible to have a multiple infection.

Very recent experiments in the dormitories of an Eastern school seem to point to an interesting conclusion. If students are protected all night while asleep and then spend the day in crowded, unprotected classrooms, the number of colds they acquire appears to be less than would normally be expected in these circumstances. It is possible that breathing germ-free air all night is sufficiently beneficial so that in the daytime numerous infections remain below the level of the individual's power to throw them off. These experiments, however, have not been continuing long enough to justify any firm conclusion whatever.

The ideal group for a thorough test of lamps would be soldiers in barracks. These men spend most of their time in the open air, and any given individual enters only a few buildings each day. It would be entirely possible to test the lamps in an army camp.

Such a test might also prove to have the highest practical value. During the last war, American soldiers both here and in France were the prey of one epidemic of respiratory diseases after another. The time lost was very serious, even worse than that in the civilian population, where 400,000,000 colds a year continue to cost us $500,000,000. If the recent experiments with the lamps are confirmed by experience in the army—and there is every reason to hope that they will be—here is a measure of national defense of the very highest importance. But whether the army immediately uses the lamps or not, we can look forward confidently to the fact that within another few years at most, control of air-borne infection will be on its way to join control of infections through water, milk and solid foods. Another great frontier will have surrendered to man's onward march. BRUCE BLIVEN

This is one of a series under the general title, "The Men Who Make the Future," based on interviews with leading research scientists. – THE EDITORS

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Washington Notes

United We Stand

THE POLITICAL SLATE was wiped clean by the first bomb that exploded on Hawaii. The nasty words written on it by America First, by the isolationist press, by John L. Lewis and by the Tory obstructionists in Congress disappeared as completely as the brave pre-war record written there by President Roosevelt, by Fight for Freedom and by a stanch band of New Dealers in politics and in journalism. It was war now and everyone would be judged on his merits as a warrior in or behind the lines.

Presently America First would be as dead as the Liberty League and as completely forgotten. Nobody would care that the McCormick-Patterson press, through irresponsibility or downright madness, handed American defense secrets to the enemy in a time of grave national peril. The Chicago Tribune immediately raised the "Our Country Right Or Wrong" slogan to its masthead. Congressmen who had become increasingly bold in their opposition to such necessary national-defense measures as price control and higher taxes hastened to get right with Roosevelt. Men who had called the President a warmonger, newspapers that had branded him a liar, were now ready to concede that his judgment of the world situation may have been right.

A few Republicans and isolationists looked a little white around the gills, fearing that their statements of yesterday might still be legible. But the color will soon come back into their jowls. It won't be long before they are attacking the administration for failure to prepare more adequately for the war they used to call a figment of the President's imagination or his personal political plot.

But national unity was the watchword now and everyone was welcome. The venal and the stupid would start over again on an equal footing, or almost an equal footing, with those who had seen it coming and who had been willing to help prepare for it, even when this meant submerging political or personal differences with the White House.

The opposition crowd might plead ignorance with some justification. For nine months the President had been trying desperately to avert a clash with Japan, and during the course of these delicate negotiations he could not speak out frankly about the threat of war in the Pacific. He could only sit back and take it while the Wheelers, the Pattersons and the Lindberghs accused him of breaking his campaign promises not to plunge the United States into a foreign war unless it were first attacked, and of courting a fight in the Atlantic.

The President had neither misjudged nor misrepresented the Axis. He had done his best, in the face of constant sniping from his opposition, to prepare for the attack. For this he could not expect much credit. Much of what he had done would be canceled out by his mistakes in launching the defense program. He would face judgment now as a war President. In war only results count. He could not expect to get his due as a prophet of war any more than his critics could expect their due as false prophets of security from the Axis.

For the President, for his friends and for his enemies, December 8, 1941, was a new day. It was as new as the bank holiday of 1933. Like that day, it gave every political figure and every political party a chance to start afresh. The President was the day's hero. He started with the advantage of high public esteem and confidence. He was assured of almost unquestioning congressional support for a few months. Then it would start all over again. They broke Wilson, and after him came Harding. They shot Lincoln, and after him came Grant. They would lie in hiding for a while now and then they would see what they could do about Roosevelt.

It was the first wintry Sunday of the season and the President had planned a short motor trip. He changed his plans when word came from Secretary of State Hull, early in the afternoon, that the Japanese had asked for an appointment immediately. While awaiting news of the conference, the President got the first dispatch from Hawaii.

Within an hour the radio had it, and the streets were clogged with government workers, high and low, on the way to offices where there was nothing for most of them to do.

Crowds that gathered around the White House behaved like none the capital had ever before seen. People just stood and looked. They seemed to be ready for bombs or a circus parade, and eager for either. They wanted to do something, but didn't know what. Finally they sang "God Bless America."

News of the arbitration board's award of a closed shop to the captive mine workers made page one of the extras as a two-paragraph filler. The decision was discounted in advance and seemed of no great importance. It was only a footnote to the story of the Smith bill, which had passed the House and was awaiting action in the Senate.

The Senate seemed ready to modify some of its provisions but approve most of it without change until the war news came, followed by announcements from everywhere that workers on strike were going back to their jobs voluntarily. It seemed possible that Howard W. Smith's ambition to undo most of what the New Deal had done for labor had been frustrated again.

The President assured Philip Murray of the CIO that he would use his influence to get a modified draft out of the Senate but he did not promise to support labor's demand for a conference of labor and management as a substitute for any legislation. Some CIO leaders conceded that they had made a mistake in failing to get back on the National Defense Mediation Board before the Smith bill was passed by the House. Their status as hold-outs against the existing mediation system weakened their position as protestants against a legislative substitute for this system.

The war was a break for Representative Hamilton Fish too. It obscured the revelation that he personally received $3,100 from a wealthy Nazi sympathizer and endorsed the checks. Like money paid to George Hill, his clerk, it apparently was used to pay for the printing of isolationist speeches.

Washington

T. R. B.

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Not in Our Stars

Twelfth Night. Little Theatre, December 1, 1941.

IN THE PRESENTATION OF "TWELFTH NIGHT" by the Chekhov Theatre Players we have, behind the producing and the devising, a man who was formerly a member of the Moscow Art Theatre Company under Stanislavsky and Nemirovitch-Danchenko, and then himself director of the Second Moscow Art Theatre, an actor and director who has worked in various languages and as many countries. He has made three productions of "Twelfth Night" in three diverse languages before coming to this production in English. We have also a company that has worked a long time on the play and has given many performances of it, in its studio theatre at Ridgefield, Connecticut, and on tour far and wide among cities and colleges.

Few productions of a Shakespeare play have such advantages behind them. Most of them are made up of companies got together as God wills, put through three or four weeks of rehearsals, shot around the out-of-town circuit for a bit and then brought in, daring Broadway and hoping for the best and depending largely on the prestige of two or three known players who are—as the saying is—stars. On such occasions there are lovers of Shakespeare who are disappointed, or puzzled, at the inchoate results; others less familiar with his works are pleased to find that he is quite good; and so we go, on down—or up or out—to those who think that if there is any deficiency to be found, the fault is Shakespeare's rather than the actor's. (No music critic, however cretinous, would ever say if a tenor failed in a basso role that the composer was at fault.)

It behooves us, then, to look carefully at this "Twelfth Night" of the Chekhov Theatre Players, and to try and point out what there is in this event that might serve the uses of our theatre, our Shakespeare theatre especially.

"Twelfth Night" has for its source the Italian novel and—as was pointed out by Shakespeare's own contemporaries—an Italian play or so, and, accordingly, though more remote, of course, Latin comedy, Attic comedy and the Greek romances. Meanwhile the farcical elements of the *commedia*, ancient and later, are in the offing; perhaps, even, they underlie the pace and the mixture of every sort of material, mood and motivation that we find in this play. Very likely in the Elizabethan and general Renaissance production of such a piece the solution was ready enough: they merely let it rip—poetry, farce, burlesque, carnival, satire, and the devil take the hindmost. For us that is not so easy. "Twelfth Night" has many jarring combinations—Viola, Orsino, Sir Toby, Sir Andrew, Feste, and so on—not to speak of the cruel shadings to the Malvolio theme, for which we have the cheerful and enthusiastic praise of Shakespeare's contemporaries explicitly recorded as "a good practice," which is to say an excellent invention. All this dramatic matter, which plainly those audiences took in their stride, is less easy for us nowadays to unify and swallow. But as to that, I should say that the fault is not in our stars but in ourselves that we are theatre underlings.

The unfortunate side of the Chekhov production, opening the way for critical objections or for its ready dismissal as an amateur or school effort, lies in the production, strictly speaking, and in the décor. There are no scenery shifts but merely bits like the prison walls, or chairs, draperies or gates indicated by chords, all changed by means of screens in various satiny colors, manipulated by apprentices, to various degrees of music. The effect is of an idle and worn-out invention as décor, and the result an impression of distracting contrivance, superfluous and lively and wasteful. There is, too, because of the costumed apprentices, a regrettable impression of a school, whereas the company playing is by no means a mere dramatic school; it is better drilled and more profoundly and happily engaged in Shakespeare's play than any other company on Broadway has been in who knows when? That business with the screens at the end of the play, peeping over them and flirting with the footlights, and then the pantomime of several characters, is a case in point. It is bouncy but not gay really; to stick to Shakespeare's text, ending with the song by Feste—of all Shakespeare's clowns the one most worthy of study perhaps—would greatly contribute to the play's lyricism, that quality whose absence from this production Mr. Brooks Atkinson in his New York Times review justly regrets.

There is a phrase old in French and, skipping some of the logic of its origin, current among us: the defect of an excellence. We have no way of knowing how much, at this stage of the game, those extraneous touches and motifs, Russian and, if you like, threadbare for us, are the obverse of the free and flowing beauty and accuracy of this version of "Twelfth Night" as a whole, of this wayward, earthy, singing document of the Renaissance that our stages—and first-night habitués—now encounter from the Chekhov Theatre Players. It is high time, then, to talk about the positive advantages of the occasion.

Imprimis—first, then, I may record the fact that only here have I, in several years of theatre going, heard every line of Shakespeare given make sense—no mouthing, and yet no foolish, vulgar simplification of the speeches to gain a vaporous comprehension from the popular audience. I could indeed wish we got more of Shakespeare verses and less of Russian rushing around the stage, which means more of the text and less of this stage business. We have stage cunning enough but too much cutting.

Second: I have never, in a long, it seems to me, life of "Twelfth Night" productions, seen certain motifs and themes of the play turn out so clear; we have never heard a reading that made them so reckless and irresponsible, as they should be, but yet so exact to the play's intention. The melancholy of Olivia and of Orsino, for example, is usually taken in the declamatory vein, heavy, amatory and unconvincing. But as Mr. Chekhov directs it, the theme is a competition in romantic egotism, in which Viola and her love are delicately included, though Orsino will not have it that she nor any woman can ever love as he does, nor any age or inclination equal his despair. Their several loves thus take on a due place, sociable, sensible and romantic, so that our hearts shall be wrung by them, musical, elegiac, delicious, as by the lute's playing of some sad, sweet song or by some momentary fading sweetness on the air. Thus in this production we now find what have been dull flats of emotion taking on variety, vigor and something of the rose of spring and all its fatal music.

The reading of the jesters' lines turns out mere gibberish in most Shakespeare productions, so much so as to make you wonder why intelligent princes ever had these perky, pun-

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ning bores around them, as historically we know they did. Here in Feste we hear distinctly the burlesque of philosophic system and thought that Shakespeare intended; grave echoes appear, laments, quips and poignant topsy-turvy. In this case it is entirely right that the clown should be the one who sings, that a story which begins with music should sing itself out with a song.

The motivations for the concluding duel scene of the play are here genuinely contrived. In the first place the actors can really fence for a change. We see Sir Toby's winey lust for a fight, see Viola's terror of a sword, Sir Andrew's fright, and then Sebastian's entrance, a masculine figure, a fighter, a swordsman who takes Sir Toby's breath away. The shock and stir is such that Olivia coming into it asks the loved young man to go to the chantry near and plight their troth, and young Sebastian, in the whirl of such events, finds it easy and ready to follow her beauty there or anywhere, as easy or as ready as fighting, honor, shipwreck and all mystery and bright life. But to achieve this result the players must really know—imagine—how to fence.

I will deliberately here not mention the individual performances, the Sir Toby of Mr. Ford Rainey, the Sir Andrew of Mr. Hurd Hatfield, the Viola of Miss Beatrice Straight and so on from the company. At times they lack a certain authority that comes from long experience or from well tried talents, or from hungry fire, or from a thick-skinned assertiveness or vulgar aggression. At times they afford us the pleasure that comes from purity of intention and intelligent practice and approach. Unfailingly they speak well, and their stage movements are well planned, secure, sometimes brilliant. On the whole, however, the best thing about the performance is the ensemble playing.

Ensemble—that sounds like the simplest thing in the world. But run over in your mind the Shakespeare performances you have seen these past few years. They may have their good points, but these do not apply to ensemble. They have not had the training, the rehearsing, the playing together, the company organization, for proper results—take the supper scene in "Macbeth" for example—save for Mr. Evans and Miss Anderson, the rest are mere paper dolls.

Finally there is the baroque element in this Chekhov production of "Twelfth Night." This is what is really new and fresh about the whole occasion, though it should not be so, since the very soul of the play's whole style lies in the baroque impulse. That performance of Mr. Rainey's as the drunken knight, is all in curves, its lines working against the circle, its balances perfect and expert, based on the bodily poise of fencing and dancing (the make-up, too, out of Rubens and brilliantly executed for this particular performance). In that accent and regard, all his speeches seem inevitable and right and there is no whirling of wits or mad flowering of words or allusions that seems even surprising. What labor and experiment and memory have gone into such stage execution of this Elizabethan role!

The visual production and décor, the Russian, unimaginative jollities and quips of this production could be easily removed, an hour or so of rehearsing and that could be done. The rest, all that sound training, precision, diction, sense emphasis and ensemble present a lesson to our theatre. More of the text should be included for their exercise.

STARK YOUNG

Bright Hokum

SERIOUS PEOPLE naturally want Miss Greta Garbo to be serious. She ought to go with the guy that brung her, that is. Serious people also want W. C. Fields to go on being funny. Serious people object with high contempt to what they call Hollywood typing, and then turn around and issue the exact sounds which make shrewd movie producers keep as many actors as possible in as nearly the same part as possible, to keep the paying dumb public from squinting and shuffling its feet. Serious people of the kind I mean feel themselves above the dumb public, but cannot be differentiated in the matter of squinting and shuffling feet. Do I like serious people of the kind I mean? I do not.

Working in the glamor mill of pictures for over fifteen years, Greta Garbo is still the most glamorous woman in the world. But she likes comedy and has a nice dry talent for it, and I suppose is fed up with being a tragic order of smorgasbord all her life. She was a brilliant success in "Ninotchka" and allowed to be such by special dispensation from even the serious. That was an Ernst Lubitsch production, but the reason for its felicity was neither Lubitsch nor Miss Garbo herself in the main; the reason was an absolutely stunning screenplay by Charles Brackett and Billy Wilder and Walter Reisch, as you can discover from reading it in the modified published form.

Now Miss Garbo is seen in another comedy, but with the direction of George Cukor, who is apparently a director careful to the point of elegance but always at the mercy of what the boys have cooked up for script. Since he is in the pleasant, easy latitudes of the top-budget "A" group, he can take his time in following the tortuosities of a script which wastes the audience's. If a writer lugs his uncle's wife into the story for no other purpose than that of padding out the chore of his contract, Mr. Cukor will apparently be patient and even elegant on the job of importing the writer's uncle's wife. The writers of "Two-Faced Woman" were Samuel Behrman, Salka Viertel and George Oppenheimer, and occasionally they seemed tired. At such points the director yawned himself, out of carefulness, elegance and politeness. So how did Miss Garbo know what was left on the cutting-room floor and what unfortunately wasn't, or how the strips of all the tiresome takes and retakes of the long day's work fitted together after all the weeks of production?

This brings us back to another fact in pictures deplored and abetted by the serious people: the star system. It is not only a let-down that the tragic Miss Garbo should work in a comedy, but they must say: "In the last Garbo picture," or "For a Garbo picture this is et cetera." Such a flexible and lovely star is important, true. Without her this would be very little, true. But how are we ever going to understand about pictures if we go blindly around like the autograph dopes thinking of the star as the living image, responsible for all refractions? Your production and camera in a major-studio job will probably be good, or at least acceptable. But among the prime matters of script and direction and acting, the second depends on the first (and *vice versa*), and the third depends on both. A little less nonsense from the serious, please. Or, act your age.

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The idea of the story is the old mistaken-identity situation, principally as modified into the form of "The Guardsman": that is, a proper girl who has been neglected by her husband goes gunning for him in the role of her twin sister, the family blacksheep and a very available type. She is lucky in the matter of assistance from friends and coincidence, and the rather giddy husband falls with a thoroughness that shocks her. But she hangs on and after some extremely cross purposes toward the end apparently gets everything straightened out for both of them—though which of the characters she is now going to have her new married bliss as, is left up to the audience, since the man seems to go impartially for both.

It is the kind of thing whose success depends on a light touch, humor in and between the lines, and considerable invention. The invention is there, in both situations and the little touches which surprise laughter and divert attention from improbability. As for lines, it is the wittiest set of them in one picture I have heard in a long time (and the writers probably deserve credit beyond them for the absurd in pictorial device, also neatly realized). But the light touch presses rather heavily on you in terms of needless length and a certain grim emphasis in prosecuting minor affairs. It runs a little over an hour and a half, but the time seems longer because sequence after sequence has hung on after the idea is thoroughly clear and worked out: Garbo and the burlesque conga; Garbo as heavy siren, Garbo drunk, etc. And some of the comedy, especially in the skiing scenes, is broadened to the point of slapstick.

It is pretty much a one-woman picture (Melvyn Douglas, Roland Young and Constance Bennett have parts), and thus hard to keep fresh and sprightly as comedy. But the woman is in herself a pleasure to watch and never monotonous. More important in comedy: in spite of defects, the laughs keep coming. Unless you are determined to be grumpy you will probably enjoy it.

OTIS FERGUSON

The Bandwagon

The Premier said that representatives of all nations constantly had expressed good will and friendship to Thailand—particularly the Japanese envoy, who, he said, had given assurances that the forces in Indo-China were not meant for aggression against Thailand.

Thailand should not regard such things as military preparations in Indo-China or Malaya as directed against her until the shooting starts, he said. – *From The Chicago Daily News.*

Rochelle's gained 106 percent in sales during August, however

LIBERTY IS MORE PRECIOUS THAN BUSINESS SUCCESS

– *Advertisement of Rochelle's, Inc., Furniture and Carpets, in The Chicago Daily News.*

The Georgia Prison Wardens' Association went on record today in favor of abolishing the sweatbox . . . and advocated in its stead the use of leg irons, straps and solitary confinement. . . . – *An AP dispatch from Savannah, printed in The Spokesman, inmate paper of the Tattnall State Prison, Reidsville, Georgia.*

Could Be

The Interstate Commerce Commission in Washington ruled yesterday that a fatal head-on collision between a Western Pacific passenger train and a light engine near Sunol, California, last September 2 was caused by "an inferior train occupying the main track on the time of an opposing superior train." – *From The San Francisco Chronicle.*

First-Things-First Department

GEN. DRUM SAYS ARMY SHOULD HAVE MORE MILITARY CEREMONY

Ammunition Also Needed, Commander Announces as Maneuvers End

– *Headline and subhead of an AP dispatch in The Washington Evening Star.*

Our readers are invited to contribute to this column; $1 will be paid for each item used. Address The Bandwagon, care of The New Republic. Please enclose the original clipping. – THE EDITORS

Correspondence

Fighting the Poll Tax

SIR: To suggest, as did T. R. B. in your issue of November 24, that unless the fight against the poll-tax requirement for voting is sidetracked Southern congressmen will retaliate by blocking the President's foreign policy is to underline the threat to democracy inherent in the requirement. Today it is found in only eight states: Alabama, Arkansas, Georgia, Mississippi, South Carolina, Tennessee, Texas and Virginia. Its avowed purpose is the disfranchisement of a large proportion of the adult citizens of those states, and for this purpose it has proved most effective. Voters' lists were cut by one-third to one-half immediately after the introduction of the requirement, and today only about one-fourth of the adult citizens in the poll-tax states vote in presidential elections and about one-third in the primaries. In some counties as few as 14 percent of the adult citizens are qualified voters.

The tax requirement is not the simple one of the payment of $1 to $2 annually. Most states add interest and penalties for late payment or assessment of the tax, though no official notice of the due date is given. Four states require payment of the tax for more than the current year. In all of them the basic annual tax is the minimum requirement. In Arkansas and Georgia the tax is doubled for late assessment. In Georgia the voter can theoretically be charged $47.47, and often must actually pay $15 or more to vote. In Alabama he is quite often required to pay $36. These sums must be paid long before election day; in Georgia and Virginia, six months before, in Alabama, Mississippi and Texas, by February 1 of election year. Official efforts to collect the tax are forbidden in Alabama, Mississippi and Virginia. A properly dated poll-tax receipt becomes the voter's pass, and in some states these receipts are sold in blank by the tax collector and later issued by the machine to its faithful henchmen. Under this system the legislator has often been dependent on the good will, not of the majority of the citizens of his state, but of a few machine politicians whose power has been acquired in large part through manipulation of the poll-tax requirements.

ELEANOR BONTECOU,
Director, Suffrage in the South

Arlington, Va.

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The Last Straw

SIR: Bruce Bliven's article on what scientists do *not* know, in The New Republic of November 17, contains a paragraph that worries me. He seems to think that we are in an inter-glacial period and that some day the ice will again barge down from the north and up from the south and that we will be caught in the jam and frozen to death.

Now I am all worried over Hitler's coming over the Atlantic and the Jap's rolling across the Pacific and jamming us vertically, as you might say, but I had not thought of this horizontal ice menace. I don't see any escape for us at all if all these menaces should get going at once.

Why did Mr. Bliven have to inject this ice menace at this time? Things are bad enough without this additional worry.

Albany, N. Y. FRANCES D. LYON

Let's Hear from Our Readers

SIR: This letter is written to suggest that The New Republic, or one of its readers, give thought to building a mail-order lending library of books in the organismic stream of thought—"books that changed our minds" and are now changing them.

I know a number of persons, myself included, who would pay a $5-a-year membership fee in a mail-order lending library that offered the triple opportunity:

1. To borrow twelve or fifteen books a year—books that are costly to buy and often hard to find in public libraries.

2. To exchange with other members thinking stimulated by such books, either through a small monthly bulletin or in group meetings of members in the same community.

3. To buy at a discount, through the library, books that they want to own. By thus serving as a book-buying coöperative for its members, the lending library would help them save money to pay the membership fee.

Would not many who pay $5 a year for The New Republic pay $10 for the magazine plus a membership in such a mail-order lending library?

Chicago, Ill. JOHN H. MILLAR

Mr. Dies Investigates

SIR: The methods of J. B. Matthews and Martin Dies will hardly be news to your readers, but their recent attack on my appointment as Chief Analyst of the Foreign Broadcast Monitoring Service does afford a rather flagrant illustration.

Recently they sent to Chairman Fly of the FCC a letter which, in accord with their custom, was given to the press before it was delivered to Mr. Fly. I understand that the letter was also read on the floor of the House.

I was accused of being an open propagandist for communism, and in support two lines of evidence were offered. First was a list of Communist-front organizations, thirteen in number, with which I was allegedly connected. Actually I am not and never have been a member of any except one: Consumers' Union. As for my alleged connection with the other groups, perhaps I am on their mailing list, or once made a speech under their auspices or signed some petition which they were circulating for what seemed to me to be a worthy cause.

The Dies letter represents me as having devoted myself practically exclusively to praising the Soviet Union and disparaging the American way of life. Actually, among some two hundred publications, only two are devoted to the Soviet Union, and both of those are full of pros and cons. For their knock-out punch they selected two sentences from an article published in The Social Frontier early in 1937, as follows: "I wish I knew whether it would take longer for the Soviet Union to develop efficiency or for the United States to develop socialism. Then I would know where I want to live." The only distortion is that in my article the words are quoted from Anna Louise Strong; in the Dies charges they are set forth as a typical expression of my own views and writing.

GOODWIN WATSON

Teachers' College, Columbia University, New York City

Detroit Comes Across

SIR: I wish to call your attention to some rather serious errors contained in Michael Straight's article, "No More Automobiles," issue of October 13. This is the section I have reference to:

> There is no such finished plan for retraining automobile workers. The only existing plan for retraining men, in the Chevrolet plant at Buffalo, is caring for no more than one-third of those discharged, and they are being retrained on miserably low relief wages. In New York, Michigan and other states relief payments are limited to $12 or $15 a week; help is ended after sixteen weeks. If retraining is not completed within this time, no further funds are, at present, available.

First, there is operating in Detroit a program for retraining auto workers for defense industry under the WPA. It's a large program, and a flexible one, doing its best to keep up with an emergency which it doesn't underestimate.

Second, Mr. Straight seems to have thoroughly mixed up the whole business of public assistance or "relief" and unemployment compensation. Our state law provides for a $16 maximum —not $12 or $15, and most auto workers qualify for this. The sixteen-week period is correct, but *immediately* after the sixteen weeks is up, the worker can be certified to public relief, from the city of Detroit, if he has lived here a year; from the County Social Welfare Board, if he hasn't.

I'm not unaware that the problem of retraining automobile workers is an immediate and serious one, but with the Welfare Department, the NYA and the WPA coöperating to solve it—oh, yes, and the Board of Education breaking down to the point of opening the school shops literally twenty-four hours a day to defense training—it seems to me that we ought to get a little credit.

Detroit, Mich. WILMA W. HENRICKSON

[The Office of Production Management confirms Mrs. Henrickson's report of the Detroit program to retrain non-defense workers for defense. The New Republic regrets the omission. – THE EDITORS]

From The New Republic Mail Bag

Muriel S. Jordan of Durham, North Carolina, has sent us a clipping from The Durham Herald-Sun which describes what that community is doing about the alarming proportion of young men barred from army service because of physical unfitness. With the coöperation of the NYA and several coördinating agencies, local authorities have established the Durham Resident Work and Health Center, located in a pine grove on the outskirts of the city. The camp excludes only those with serious chronic maladies or communicable or infectious diseases, and its purpose is to rehabilitate the boys physically and teach them trades. The experiment is apparently working out very well and is Durham's answer to the problem of "rejectees."

Joseph Lewis of Purdys, New York, finds Shakespeare having his say about present-day conditions. What about this, he asks, for Rudolph Hess?: "His flight was madness: when our actions do not/Our fears do make us traitors." And this for the German people?: " . . . O nation miserable,/With an untitled tyrant bloody-scepter'd,/When shalt thou see thy wholesome days again?"

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Books in Review

Laughter, Not Immoderate

ANY MAKER of an anthology who abides by his own taste, making no bows of reverence, no duty calls, no concessions to the inevitable, is quite justified in telling other people's favorites to go to hell. But so is any one of his readers in telling him likewise. If a man asks no quarter he may expect none, and if a man who has turned out some of the brightest things in the American language puts his name on a collection of a great deal of stuff that is not the brightest by anybody's standard whatsoever, he is not doing right by himself and he is not doing right by us. And in spite of its sound and clear-headed introduction, "A Subtreasury of American Humor"[1] has not the inclusive but still discriminate laughter we would expect from E. B. White.

Now, to start with one point in this great heavy rookery of light writing, I wish to ask why Thurber is not more with us here, and especially not with us in many of his best moments.

Also, why isn't E. B. White more with us here?

Besides the book's being rather stiffly arranged in categories, the table of contents looks altogether too much like an editor's puff-sheet and might be reviewed in that classic modesty of the line used by The New Yorker in reviewing books by New Yorker authors: "Many of the pieces in this volume first appeared in this magazine."

Humor is the trickiest of all forms of art, and to question a man's private taste because it does not concur with your own is to beg a question that was foolish in the first place. But I would be more general: I would defy anybody to say that Marjorie Kinnan Rawlings' "Benny and the Bird Dogs" was not a humorous story, in at least one sense of the word (to me, in all senses, and I am proud that it is the first-off story in the book); and I would defy anybody to prove what was funny about John Mosher's Lavender and Opal Asia interminabilities other than the fact that they appeared in The New Yorker.

I would like to know why Robert Taylor is so funny. I would like to know why Samuel Hoffenstein skids past on two pieces from his less first-rate stuff but Ogden Nash hangs on for nine entries—Ogden Nash, for God's sake, who works so hard on being professionally funny he hasn't time to laugh. Why the labored Samuel Pepys of the labored F. P. Adams should be funny in any sense of the word today. Why Morris Bishop should be printed anywhere, let alone reprinted. (The same for Cornelia Otis Skinner.) Why for his pedantic jingles is the obvious Irwin Edman given as large an entry as E. E. Cummings, who has (even if you don't understand or otherwise hate him) inscribed things of a harder luster in the snow outside his back door? One piece by Corey Ford, one of the few most facile parodists of our time; six entries for Don Marquis, an uneventful recurrence. A piece by Saroyan that isn't even funny, let alone as funny as "My Uncle and the Mexicans" (first published in *these* pages).

What's the matter with Daniel Fuchs and Edward Newhouse and Jerome Weidman? Or Erskine Caldwell and William Faulkner and George Milburn and Hemingway? Maybe they haven't written funny, they haven't made folk poetry jump higher than anything but "Benny and the Bird Dogs"? Two entries for Mencken, one entry for George Jean Nathan; but five for Benchley and two for Alexander Woollcott, who is about as funny as a cash register, though of the first dishwater.

I do not know why the first chapter of "Babbitt" should be included as humor in preference to something from "The Man Who Knew Coolidge." I do not know why Dorothy's Parker's fine and touching story about "Glory in the Daytime" should be included as humor, except for the name Parker and the New Yorker connection. Even more than in the selections from Arthur Kober and Leo C. Rosten, there may be dryness in the treatment, but the whole impression is one of poor humanity understood, and the face is one of sorrow.

And that much is said out of disappointment in a book which as reading has little room for disappointment. It has a fine and elsewhere unobtainable collection of stuff you never came across or stuff you always vaguely intended to come across again. And it is as well a good test of how things stand up, particularly the kind of thing your parents roared over: Petroleum V. Nasby, Mr. Dooley, Mark Twain (one of the best for lasting power in the collection, where he is much funnier than some of the places he is supposed to be funniest). Booth Tarkington (who is still fairly good, but not a humorist). And Ring Lardner (still good) and George Ade (you can have him) and Milt Gross (ditto). After rejecting for himself the humor of misspelling, however, White includes some of the worst offenders, and you sometimes wonder why he wouldn't be done with it and include Octavus Roy Cohen and something from "Little Benny's Notebook" (Lee Pape).

There is also somehow a thing against having Bret Harte sandwiched between Nunnally Johnson and S. J. Perelman, Benjamin Franklin between Thurber and Mencken. The topical groupings are arbitrary. If you turn to the key list in the back you can find things by authors; you can find their dates and real names. But reading through the book with any steadiness not only creates an effect of jumble but sometimes has you halfway through a story thinking in terms of the nineteenth century established in the previous piece before you get brought up by a reference to Henry Fonda. If you just want to thumb around here and there, why do you need this artificial unity?

Oh the hell with it. You could almost complete a fine anthology of American humor by collecting the spoken and written words of James Thurber and E. B. White alone. And I wish you would.

OTIS FERGUSON

[1] A Subtreasury of American Humor, edited by E. B. and Katharine White. New York: Coward-McCann. 846 pages. $3.

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Nazism Before Hitler

War and the German Mind, by William K. Pfeiler. With a foreword by George N. Shuster. New York: Columbia University Press. 369 pages with index. $3.25.

ONE MUST KEEP the many sincere, yet incomplete analyses of Nazism in mind to appreciate the novelty of Mr. Pfeiler's approach to German literature on the World War. Most authors on contemporary German history have explained the success of Hitlerism chiefly through the inadequacies of the Weimar Republic, the depression and the either grim or naïve admiration of the German people for any kind of militaristic-organizational display. If the war is brought at all into the explanatory pattern, this is done from a political rather than psychological point of view; that is, not the war as an emotional experience, but the defeat of 1918 as one of the reasons that made the rebirth of a stronger Germany a national necessity.

In Mr. Pfeiler's book the war of 1914-18 is recognized for the first time as the "progenitor par excellence" of the Third Reich. The World War as a political reality resulted in the Republic; but the war as a "great national myth" was the creator of Nazi Germany. To make the people remember the war furiously, on a fantastic scale, was Hitler's major determination. And it was not Versailles alone which he hammered into the minds of the people. It was war *per se*, the heroism of living dangerously, the subservience of each individual to the cause, which he propagated against the mystical background of blood and soil. The whole country—its family life, nutrition, press, arts and language—was reorganized in 1933 according to the wartime pattern.

If the Weimar Republic, perhaps wrongly, had turned away from the memories of war completely, as though it had never existed, Hitlerism pushed German history ruthlessly back into the trenches as though the war had never ended. To most people the war and the war-dead had been too tremendous an experience to be effaced by fifteen years of peace. It was easier to invoke the "mystical reality of war" than to educate for democracy a nation which had never been a democracy in all its history.

What part the war played in the minds of the people can be learned, not completely of course, but to a considerable extent, from letters written at the front, and from war novels. The popularity of Remarque's "All Quiet on the Western Front" led the American public to believe that Remarque's pacifism was representative of German war novels in general. They know nothing of the frightening amount of nationalistic war books, race-conscious, belligerent, full of hatred for everything alien; not merely books of an artificially worked-up patriotic genre such as every country produced during the last war, but genuinely and intensely Nazi in spirit long before Hitler had emerged from his private obscurity. True, the mature anti-war books by Renn, Oscar Maria Graf and Arnold Zweig were read and vastly appreciated. But works by Walter Flex and Gorch Fock, thick with racial mysticism and that *Wandervogel* hokum which set the fashion for Nazi ideologies, became the Bible of millions of adolescent readers. Mr. Pfeiler does not overemphasize the psychological importance of what he calls Germany's "ethnocentric" war literature. I personally know of young Germans who carried Walter Flex's novel with them like a prayer book wherever they went, just as romantic college boys of Germany's pre-war period carried Nietzsche's "Zarathustra" in their rucksacks.

Mr. Pfeiler's approach remains scholarly and objective throughout the book. His literary criticism is cautious and misleadingly mild only in one instance, when he discusses as serious writing the bluffing, pseudo-naïve prose of Max Jungnickel, another much admired *Wandervogel* poet who has written many a little piece for the Völkische Beobachter since. Noteworthy, on the other hand, is Mr. Pfeiler's not so lenient paragraph on Remarque's war story, which far outsold its rivals both at home and abroad, yet possessed little literary value compared with the works of Zweig and Renn.

All in all, Mr. Pfeiler gives an excellent picture of Germany's emotional reaction toward the heroic nightmare of 1914-18. But the outstanding merit of this book lies in its penetrating analysis of Nazism. It shows, not by fashionable generalizations about the German spirit, but by giving facts, *why* National Socialism was not entirely absent before and during the years of the Republic. Much of Rosenberg's ideological muddle was already dimming the confused minds of a starving and bleeding youth whose desperate need for a wholesale explanation of life could be satisfied neither by Ebert nor Thomas Mann. Hitlerism alone was willing to furnish them with a new *Weltanschauung*, though contrary to their expectations this *Weltanschauung* meant the continuation of hunger and death. That they may have learned their bitter lesson at the end of this war is all we can hope for.

MARIANNE HAUSER

Whitmanesque

American Giant: Walt Whitman and His Times, by Frances Winwar. New York: Harper and Brothers. 341 pages. $3.50.

"I GIVE YOU BACK," says Miss Winwar in her foreword, "Walt Whitman, the virile author of 'Leaves of Grass,' the giant 'free, fresh, savage, fluent, luxuriant, self-content,' the poet of democracy in whose first utterance Thoreau heard a trumpet note singing through the American camp." She adds that she gives us back the lover of humanity, the large tolerant spirit, the brave dreamer, the comrade of the open road, and finally, after a good deal else, "the symbol of America, Walt Whitman."

This is enormously kind of Miss Winwar, but exactly what is she talking about, and to whom? The quaver in her voice strongly suggests that Walt Whitman has been taken away from us, or at any rate Walt Whitman in all these brave guises; and that now, suddenly, like some worker of literary miracles, she is about to "restore" him to us from his premature grave. But surely it is Miss Winwar's assumption that is premature. One has heard no report of Whitman's having died out of the American consciousness, and though certainly there is everything to be said for his being kept there, even through the medium of popular biographies, why need the work of accomplishing this be preluded as if by the voice of the barker outside his tent?

Only, of course, because Miss Winwar is far from sure

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of herself, and this is regrettable, for if she had been content with a simple narration of Whitman's life, such as hasn't been given us for ten or a dozen years now, she might have written a very respectably adequate popular biography of the man. She has a certain talent for the handling of plain facts, such as the life of the Whitman forebears and the Walter Whitmans themselves, and for the sketching of small dramatic scenes, such as Whitman's striking up of a friendship with Pete Doyle; a book modestly limited to such matters, since naturally there are fresh materials, would have been a book to rejoice in.

But, no, Miss Winwar will not be dieted on fare so homely as this. She has no confidence in the interest of her plain facts or her small scenes; she will be what her publishers call "illuminating and definitive" or she will die for it. No one, not even her publishers (in their secret hearts), can expect her to be definitive: we may shelve that matter quietly. She might well have been illuminating, nevertheless, and I will not say that she is never so. But she is so bent on being Whitmanesque at any cost, on being fresh, fluent, luxuriant and the rest of it; she is so bent on fixing the identities of possibly nonexistent mistresses, on disposing "finally"—and with what finality!—of the charge of homosexuality, on placing Whitman in "true perspective" against the Transcendentalist movement (which she fails to do)—in short, on drawing a long bow, that she quite gets between herself and her own source of illumination. She need certainly not have given the true Whitman "back" to us. But she might have helped to keep him roaming lovably, and only that, through our imaginations.

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Recent Fiction

Bread and a Stone, by Alvah Bessie. New York: Modern Age Books. 346 pages. $2.50.

"BREAD AND A STONE" is a book that probably wouldn't have been written five years ago. It is a perfect example of the new type of left-wing novel, and it is surprising to see how much the type has changed in a few years. In the thirties, the characteristic radical fiction was the strike novel: a group of men were organized, they went on strike, and everything hit them, from murder frame-ups to massed federal troops with cannon. If they won the strike, revolution was just around the corner: if they lost the strike, they had gained in knowledge and militancy, they had lost the battle but would win the war, and revolution was just around the corner. Generally they lost. The type could be written from any three newspaper clippings, and there was a time when everybody was doing it.

Alvah Bessie's book is not at all a story of militant mass action. It is about one man, Ed Sloan, and the way society drove him into murder during an armed robbery. He asked only for bread for his family and got a stone, or rather the hot seat. There is no particularly hopeful conclusion and none is possible, no revolution around the corner, only an understanding of the meaning of his life in Ed's mind. This sounds just like "Native Son," and it pretty much is, only with some variations and neither so subtle nor so powerful a book. It is the new type of left-wing fiction: the what-makes-Sammy-run or Bigger Thomas rape or Ed Sloan murder. The answer is environment or society or capitalism, depending on your vocabulary, and you can't quarrel with it. The odd thing is that it is not a new form at all, but a reversion to the societal novel of Dreiser or Howells or the French realists, with a faster pace and a tighter dialogue, and a better understanding of social forces. The important question is: why has the main stream of left-wing fiction seemingly turned away from the hopeful, militant novel of mass proletarian action to the essentially defeatist, explanatory novel of the individual outcast? Anyone who can answer that question can have my copy of O'Hara's "Butterfield 8," which was universally damned by the critics of the left because it only showed what makes Gloria, with no mention of what could be done about it or what the organized proletariat was doing all that time.

Which is not to say that "Bread and a Stone" isn't a good book. Within the confines of its story it is sharp thinking and moving writing, and there is no question but that your sympathies are forcibly enlisted with Ed Sloan and that no jury of readers would convict. There are weak spots: we know Ed is gentle and loving, but he is just too damn gentle and loving for the hold-up type (Bigger was an achievement in making a character sympathetic without making him fundamentally pleasant); the form of the book, chapters of the past sandwiched between chapters of the present, leads to an annoying repetition of every important scene. The relationship between the awkward, illiterate Ed and his polished and cultivated wife is easily the best part of the book: their tenderness is very real and very earnest. The love story owes more to "Lady Chatterley's Lover" than Bessie would probably care to admit, and the scenes of passion and awakening across a vast gap in culture and background are reminiscent of another novel with a debt

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to Lawrence, the fine and completely unrecognized "Anna Becker" that Max White wrote a few years ago.

As "Men in Battle" showed, Bessie has a talent for incisive character description that keeps his focus through any action always on people. He uses it to excellent advantage in this book, and it gives many almost incredible scenes (the vast blunder of the hold-up, the vicious and mechanical third degree of the police), an effect of credibility and a sort of sureness. It is the talent of a genuine novelist, and it makes "Bread and a Stone" a better novel, as novel, than almost any of the strike stuff of the last decade, most of which ran to completely perfunctory characterization and cigar-store Indians. But in the last analysis, they, rather than this or "Sammy" or "Native Son," were on the path to the social novel as a mature form. An understanding of society can come only from an understanding of what the mass of ordinary people do in their normal lives. No stick-up murderer, however well presented, can be a clue to changing the world. That, I am afraid, is the intrinsic limitation of Alvah Bessie's new book. STANLEY HYMAN

Wine of the Country, by Hamilton Basso. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 381 pages. $2.75.

MR. BASSO'S NOVEL is a study in contrasts between North and South. His best writing pictures the New England college town of Chadhurst under changing skies from Christmas to autumn, followed by the settlement of Three Crow Corners in the Gullah country. The integration of these backgrounds with the lives of the characters is the artistic problem of the book. The strenuous winter of the North is reflected in the intellectual atmosphere of Professor Prescott's household, into which comes Tait Ravenwill, a promising young anthropologist. His return to his native South of decaying families and cheap sport works its intoxication and he goes native.

The plot turns about the not unusual situation of two women in love with the same man. Ravenwill and Prescott's daughter Catherine have a moment of premonition, but Catherine is of the land of suppressed desires, while Ravenwill is a Southerner whose chivalrous passion flares to meet that of Ellen, her cousin, the victim of an earlier disappointment. That this was caused by the accident of her lover having an illegitimate child by an Irish servant girl is a New England tragedy, which in contrast to Southern mores needs no comment. The life of Ravenwill and Ellen at Three Crow Corners in the bosom of his degenerate family, among common neighbors—the brawling, drinking, cock fighting, heat poisoned by miasma—upsets Ellen's delicate balance. On the other hand, the wine of the country goes to Catherine's head, and she responds to Ravenwill's advances. Ellen, in her flight from this vision, dies.

It is evident that Mr. Basso works in a rigidly determined pattern, but within this his specification of phenomena is abundant and true, especially in the Southern part of his story. It is when he steps out of his scheme that his hand shakes. The fact that Prescott and Ravenwill are in anthropology, the current occupational disease of intellectuals, gives excuse for philosophic musings, in which Mr. Basso is entitled to indulge himself, but for the minor characters of the New England period there is no excuse whatever. ROBERT MORSS LOVETT

THE RISING STAR OF Random House

Seven of the New Republic's "100 NOTABLES" for this year

STORM
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"One of the most exciting and far and away the most original novel of the year . . . He has done something new, and done it superbly . . . For the Pulitzer Prize for 1941: *Storm.*"—LEWIS GANNETT, *N. Y. Herald Tribune.*
349 pages, $2.50

WHAT MAKES SAMMY RUN?
by BUDD SCHULBERG
"Sammy deserves honorable mention among the rogues of American fiction."—*Herald Tribune Books.*
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WHISTLE STOP
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"An astonishing first novel . . . Pick some grapes of wrath in Ann Arbor, stow them in a leaky crock from February Hill, add some frankincense and myrrh of Tobacco Road, and you have the bouquet of Whistle Stop."—*N. Y. Times.*
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Crimes of a Month

EDITH HOWIE has barely finished just missing a Rinehart prize for "Murder for Tea" when she comes blithely along again with "Murder for Christmas" (Farrar and Rinehart). It's one of those geared-for-serial things with a gasp at the end of practically every chapter, but it has settings and people as classy as anything out of Ngaio Marsh—millionaires, play-actors, ballet dancers, beautiful ladies and gents, and two and two-halves murders. Blessed little whimsy, too, though the folks can chatter about at least as much art as is involved in Saint-Saens and his Danse Macabre. The lady who tells the tale is one of the kind who make the most important discoveries and the most inspired guesses, but it's her business in a way—she's the wife of the detective, and a right nice one whom she adores, so she really knows her place. One can await "Murder for Breakfast," or whatever other murder the author next contrives, with expectations. She can do a brisk and exciting story, though she's not too good at unraveling.

That comparative old-timer, Nigel Strangeways, also has a wintry mystery on his hands, "The Corpse in the Snowman" (Harpers). This detective who figures in the Nicholas Blake stories is one of the most likable of the English gentlemanly sleuths, who can solve a knotty problem neatly and be good-humored about it, as well as move among literate people without tripping over cute conceits. And, intelligent and charming though she is, he can keep his wife in her place.

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Marion Holbrook's "Suitable for Framing" (Dodd, Mead) has a girl who sets out to trap a murderer, and does well at it. Being one of the top-notch copywriters in a prosperous and elegant advertising agency, she makes her adventures as lively and plausible as one of her sales-spiels for a slick magazine. She knows her way around in the chrome-plated rookeries of mid New York, and though she dances off in the end with the nicest chap in the book, she doesn't seem one to settle down to pure domesticity. She should hunt herself up another murderer.

That smooth hand at crafty crimes and seething passions, Mignon G. Eberhart, is as crafty and seething as ever in "With This Ring" (Random House). Down in the bayou country of Louisiana, where Southern pride and arrogance operate with an almost Lillian Hellman venom, a nice Northern girl lands in a dreadful mess of too-late-love and greedy plotting. Tempests howl, bloodhounds bay, and murder creeps around in the shadows. The girl keeps chastely loyal, though beset by malice and villainies and terrible weather. A theme from Mrs. E. D. E. N. Southworth streamlined for modern instruments. Good plush-trimmed romance, in Mignon's day as well as in Emma's.

Far from sultry bayous and elegant house-parties and shiny skyscrapers is "Death on the Waterfront" (Crime Club). Robert Archer, who wrote it, is a new name, but no amateur at writing. He gets right down to solid things and black headlines in the jungle fight between union longshoremen and labor racketeers, and he seems to know something about them as well as about how policemen actually work at solving murders. There's an assistant D. A. with a faint trace of Philo Vance in him, and a bit of fluff who persists in tagging along at the risk of her neck, but her encounter with Big Edna in a chapter called "Cat House" is something refreshing in the way of come-uppances for such young ladies. As a mystery the story is sturdy and satisfying, with some people in it who have real authenticity about them.

MORT. POST

Children's Christmas Books

FOR CHILDREN AGED FOUR TO EIGHT

THE SEASHORE NOISY BOOK, by Margaret Wise Brown, illustrated by Leonard Weisgard (42 pages; William R. Scott, $1). This year little black Muffin goes to the seashore; again he listens with those acute ears. Amusing colored pictures.

FLIP, by Wesley Dennis (58 pages; Viking, $1.50). Delightful black-and-white drawings tell of a little colt who yearned to jump a brook and finally achieved his ambition.

THE LOST HANDKERCHIEFS, by Eva Knox Evans, illustrated by Flavia Gág (64 pages; Putnam's, $1.50). The little old lady's handkerchiefs disappear each day. Where? A mystery story for five-year-olds with a charming repetitive pattern.

EDGAR, THE RUNAWAY ELEPHANT, by Julia and Graham Wahn (38 pages; William R. Scott, $2). Gay, highly colored illustrations make vivid the story of a frightened baby elephant, who ran away from the circus. Holes in the pages of the book show how Edgar crashed through obstacles. Very funny.

MAKE WAY FOR DUCKLINGS, by Robert McCloskey (64 pages; Viking, $2). A very attractive book. Full-page litho-

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graphs show Boston's surprise at a pair of mallard ducks who bring up a family in the Public Gardens. Charming and unusual.

SINGING WORDS, Poems selected by Alice G. Thorn, illustrations by Masha (72 pages; Scribner's, $1.75). This anthology brings together some of the best verse for children. Delicate drawings.

SKY HIGH, by Edith Thacher Hurd, illustrated by Clement Hurd (32 pages; Lathrop, Lee, Shepard, $1). An exciting, well told story which will answer many of the questions children are always asking about airplanes. Accurate, detailed illustrations.

LOOPY, by Hardie Gramatky (68 pages; Putnam's, $1.75). About an airplane who escaped from his student pilot and showed the world how he could fly alone. The pictures are full of fun and color.

LET'S GO TO THE SEASHORE, by Harriet E. Huntington (88 pages; Doubleday, Doran, $2). Five photographs, accompanied by a simple text, of the small creatures that live in and near the sea. A boon to parents and teachers.

For Children from Eight to Ten

BUSHY TAIL, by Alice Gall and Fleming Grew, pictures by Else Bostelmann (164 pages; Oxford, $2). A venturesome chipmunk's experiences in learning forest ways are revealed through sympathetic writing and realistic drawings.

THE BLIND COLT, by Glen Rounds, illustrated by the author (unpaged; Holiday House, $2). An appealing story of a wild mustang in the Bad Lands of South Dakota, where the people and the animals live in genuine relationship to their environment. Line drawings and full-page crayon pictures in rich tones are as lively as the tale.

THE MATCHLOCK GUN, by Walter D. Edmonds, illustrated by Paul Lantz (50 pages; Dodd, Mead, $2). A gripping episode of courage in frontier life in the neighborhood of eighteenth-century Albany. Double-spread, colorful lithographs reinforce the drama.

IN MY MOTHER'S HOUSE, by Ann Nolan Clark, illustrated by Velino Herrara (56 pages; Viking, $2). A book of rare beauty on Pueblo life. Indian children have contributed to the writing from their everyday experiences.

AUGUSTUS AND THE MOUNTAINS, by Le Grand, illustrated by the author (136 pages; Bobbs-Merrill, $1.75). Another of the amusing Augustus books, in which the family houseboat is traded for a jalopy and things begin to happen. The author's large, graphic sketches are most appropriate.

THE SATURDAYS, by Elizabeth Enright, illustrated by the author (175 pages; Farrar and Rinehart, $1.75). A family of four children finds real adventure when each one goes out alone on an excursion in his own city of New York. The line drawings printed on color plates are charming.

CALICO, THE WONDER HORSE, OR THE SAGA OF STEWY SLINKER. Story and pictures by Virginia Lee Burton (unpaged; Houghton Mifflin, $1). Heroics of an amazing Western cow pony depicted in grotesque black-and-white drawings printed on paper of many intense colors. It all approximates and even goes beyond the "Comics," but this time the parents will share the fun.

THE SPEAR OF ULYSSES, by Alison Baigrie Alessios, illustrated by Rafaelo Busoni (213 pages; Longmans, Green, $1.75). In an authentic setting of modern Greece, two native boys search for buried treasure of Homeric times.

SHEEP WAGON FAMILY, by Myra Reed Richardson, illustrated by Eloise Wilkin (217 pages; McBride, $2). A conflict between sheep herders and cattle ranchmen on the Wyoming range in the eighties provides action in this good frontier story, told in simple, readable style. Illustrated appropriately with quaint black-and-white drawings.

I DISCOVER COLUMBUS, written and illustrated by Robert Lawson (107 pages; Little, Brown, $1.50). The artist who shared with Munro Leaf in creating "Ferdinand" humorously tells, in words and drawings, the story of Aurelio, the parrot, whose whisperings in the ear of Christopher Columbus made history.

TOWN WITHOUT GROWN-UPS, by Irmengarde Eberle, illustrated by Elsie Gilbert (256 pages; Julian Messner, $2). The idea of a group of children taking over a town by themselves is intriguing. Having been planned for a day, it was extended to a week through unforeseen circumstances. Trial and error show the children that democracy works.

For Children from Eleven to Fourteen

SIXPENCE FOR LUCK, by Louise Hall Tharp, pictures by Gertrude Howe (284 pages; Crowell, $2). A sea captain, the father of the two children of the story, salvages a Spanish treasure ship near the Connecticut coast and much action takes place between smugglers and law-abiding folk.

LEFT TILL CALLED FOR, by Mary Treadgold, illustrated by Richard Floethe (304 pages; Doubleday, Doran, $2). An exciting and plausible modern spy story. Two English children are accidentally left on a Channel island during the evacuation. They meet danger and obtain valuable information for the British cause before being rescued.

LITTLE TOWN ON THE PRAIRIE, by Laura Ingalls Wilder, illustrated by Helen Sewell and Mildred Boyle (288 pages; Harpers, $2). The newest of the author's series

FOR CHRISTMAS GIFTS

The titles listed below are among The New Republic's 100 NOTABLE BOOKS OF 1941

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is a warm, humorous story of real pioneers of the eighties. The scenes of family and social life in the little Wisconsin settlement are based on her own experiences.

KNIGHT OF THE SEA, by Corinne Lowe, illustrated by Warren Chappell (288 pages; Harcourt, Brace, $2.50). The story of Stephen Decatur and the early years of our navy makes this book absorbing and timely. Scenes from Decatur's personal life are well woven in with those of his courage in subduing the pirates of the Barbary Coast.

MY FRIEND FLICKA, by Mary O'Hara (349 pages; Lippincott, $2.50). Although written for grown-ups, this is fast becoming a popular animal story with children.

BLUEBERRY MOUNTAIN, by Stephen W. Meader, illustrated by Edward Shenton (309 pages; Harcourt, Brace, $2). A dramatic story of farm life today. Interest holds and the reader is amazed that a struggle for success in selling blueberries could be so absorbing. Has genuine feeling for the Pocono Mountain setting.

NICHOLAS ARNOLD, TOOLMAKER, by Marion F. Lansing, illustrated by Armstrong Sperry (277 pages; Doubleday, Doran, $2). A young apprentice tool-maker of 1789 takes part in many interesting events which link the history of the industrial revolution with his own job. Well told and provides good historical background for understanding of the machine age.

THE LUCK OF THE COMSTOCKS, by Maribelle Cormack and William P. Alexander, illustrated by Hilda Frommholz (298 pages; D. Appleton-Century, $2). A fast-moving story which takes place on Block Island and introduces some interesting information on archeology, boats and the psychology of island folk.

Non-Fiction

WINGS AROUND AMERICA, by Alice Dalgliesh, illustrated by Katherine Hilhous (158 pages; Scribner's, $2.50). The author and illustrator fly over South America and record the flight in simple text. Numerous black-and-white drawings and large reproductions of water-color paintings help recreate the exotic Latin American scenes.

LOST WORLDS, ADVENTURES IN ARCHEOLOGY, by Terry White, illustrated by photographs (316 pages; Random House, $2.50). Fascinating story of four archeologists and the finds they make in excavating the four ancient civilizations of Minos, Egypt, Babylonia and Maya. Excellent photographs of antiquities.

GEORGE WASHINGTON'S WORLD, by Genevieve Foster, illustrated by the author (344 pages; Scribner's, $2.75). A handsome and exciting history book for a reader of any age. Important periods in the life of Washington are made the basis of an account of the times and the lives of other people important in America and abroad.

ADVENTURES WITH A MICROSCOPE, by Richard Headstrom, illustrations by the author (232 pages; Stokes, $2). This is valuable to anyone starting out in the field of microscopic investigation and will serve as a guide to trips of exploration. Helpful suggestions are made on collecting and studying material. Illustrated with good line drawings.

HOW THINGS WORK: SCIENCE FOR YOUNG AMERICANS, by George Russell Harrison, illustrated by James MacDonald (290 pages; William Morrow, $2.75). An unusual book on science by an eminent physicist, who knows how to write for children. Sunlight, airplanes, electricity and other absorbing topics are dealt with.

JESSIE STANTON AND ELLEN. W. STEELE

Contributors

WILLIAM HARLAN HALE is a student of naval affairs, and the author of "Hold the Pacific!" (The New Republic, September 29) and "The Oceans Are Ours" (November 24).

PRESTON NEWMAN for two years has been an instructor in English at Virginia Polytechnic Institute. He was a contributor to "Writers Under Thirty" (December 8).

CLAUDE R. WICKARD is the Secretary of Agriculture. "The Next Four Years: The Future of the Farm" appeared in our February 3 issue.

MAX WERNER's latest book is "Battle for the World: The Strategy and Diplomacy of the Second World War."

THOMAS ELIOT of Cambridge, Massachusetts, was elected to Congress in November, 1940. He has been Assistant Felicitor of the Department of Labor, General Counsel of the Social Security Board and Regional Director of the Wages-and-Hours Division.

MARIANNE HAUSER was born in Alsace-Lorraine. She is a frequent contributor to The New Republic.

STANLEY HYMAN, who won The New Republic's college contest last year, is living in New Hampshire and writing for several New York magazines.

NEWTON ARVIN is a professor of English at Smith College. He has written biographies of Hawthorne and of Walt Whitman.

ROBERT MORSS LOVETT is now government secretary of the Virgin Islands.

JESSIE STANTON is director of the Harriet Johnson Nursery School in New York City.

ELLEN W. STEELE is director of the Rosemary Junior School at Greenwich, Connecticut.

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